Saturday Review
July 4, 1970 50¢

the man who revolutionized

JAZZ

a symposium on Louis Armstrong

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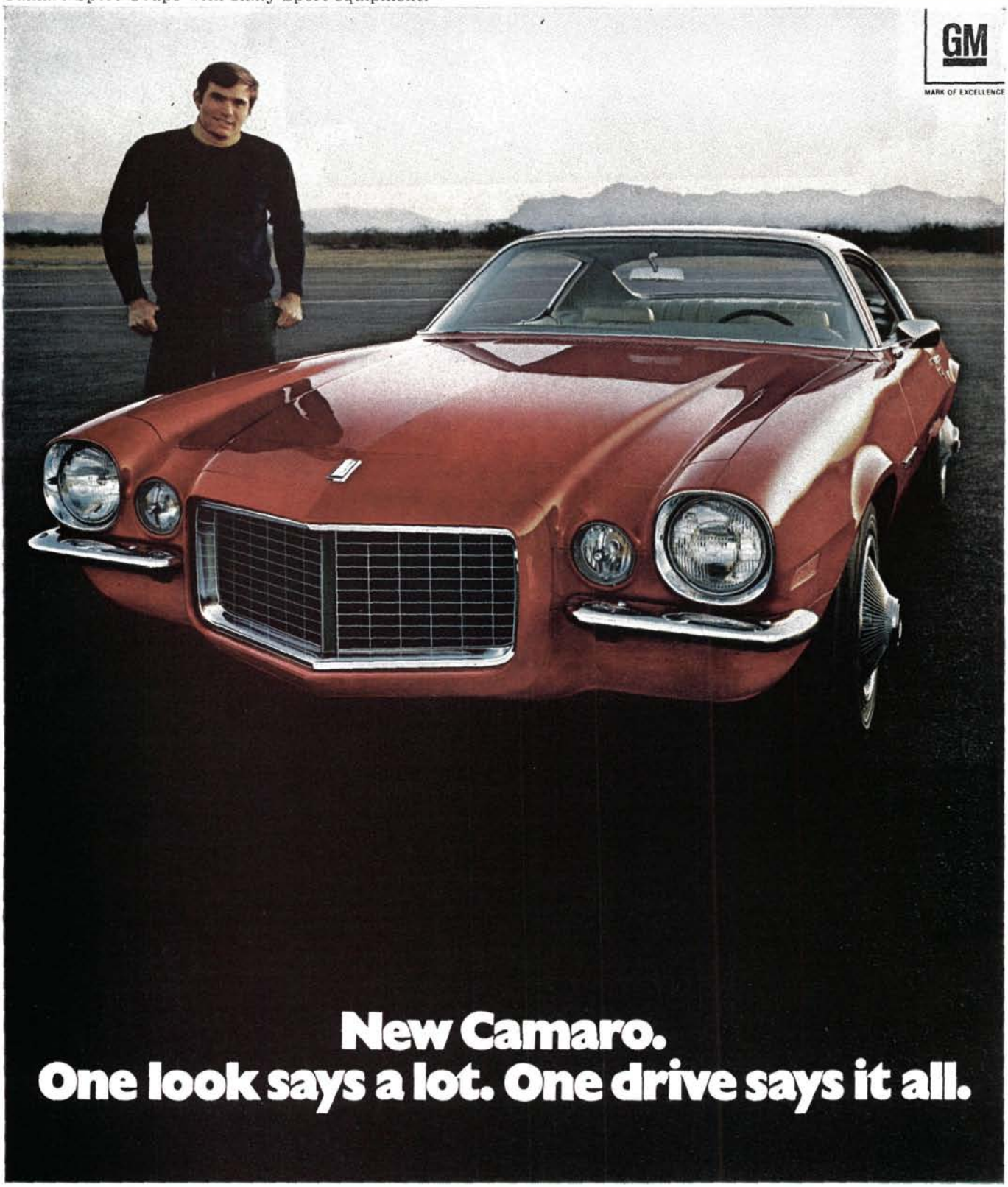

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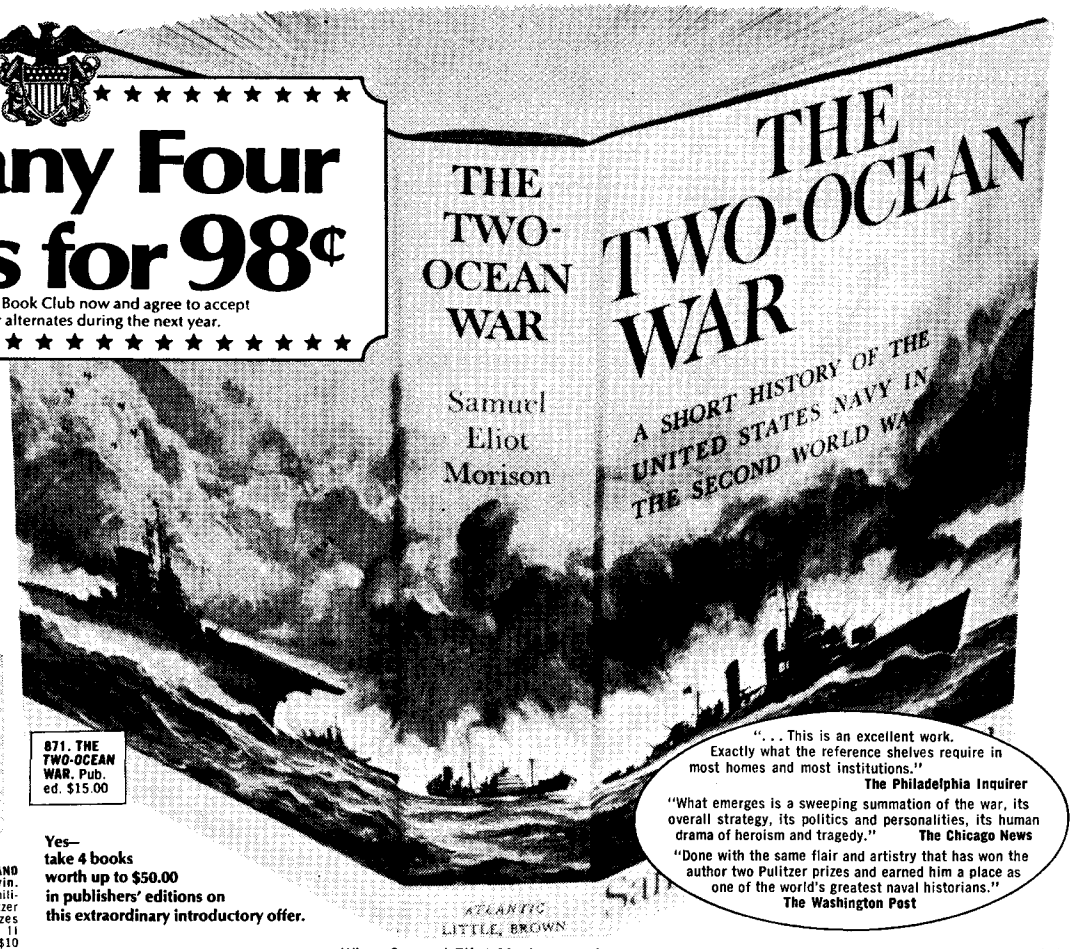
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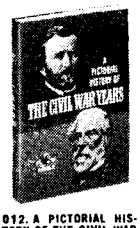

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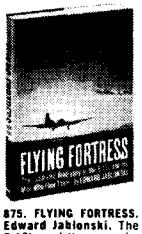

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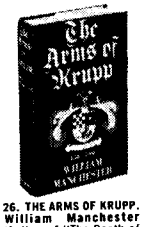

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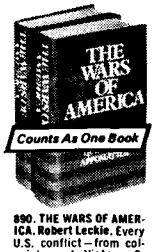

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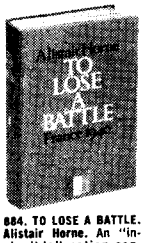

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(Advertisement)

In this part of the country, the week which ends with the Fourth of July symbolizes the real beginning of the real summer. It seems like an appropriate time to think about the human skin.

The skin is that part of the body which, for a lot of us, is about to be subjected to a number of indignities connected with the summer season: it is going to be burned, dipped in and out of salt water and/or fresh water, bathed or showered more frequently than usual, roughly toweled, covered with lotions and creams and cosmetics and sweet-smelling oils, and, in general, made to work for the person whose body it holds together.

With this kind of treatment in store for it, the skin, if it could speak, would probably urge its owner to take a good look at MORE THAN SKIN DEEP. This is a new book by Dr. Thomas H. Sternberg, a dermatologist from Southern California, where, they tell me, the skin takes a beating all year round.

Dr. Sternberg offers a lot of sane counsel about the skin, and not only about the skin in summer. He talks about dishpan hands, acne, hair (both wanted and unwanted), circles under the eyes, beer rinses for hair, hangnails and a lot of other related subjects which are more generally the themes of scary commercials on television than of sober and intelligent discussion.

It's a good book to dip into while you are sun-bathing, particularly the first time out this season.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

MORE THAN SKIN DEEP ($7.95), by Thomas H. Sternberg, M.D., with an introduction by Morris Fishbein, M.D., is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 18451 Nordhoff, Northridge, California 91324.

July 4, 1970

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A Symposium on Louis Armstrong

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

You Say Tomentose; I Say Tomahntose

IN ONE of his recent speeches Vice President Agnew referred to our rebellious youths as "those tomentose exhibitionists." That sent me running to my unabridged:

"tomentose, adj. (L. *tomentum*) . . . Covered with densely matted hairs."

OK. Let's take it from there:

On the evening of July 3, 1776, a group of tomentose revolutionaries had finished writing and rewriting a declaration that signified their desire for independence from the Establishment.

Tempestuous young Tom Jefferson, the author of the paper, his tomentum curled in a bob over his coat collar, held those truths to be so self-evident that he was for everybody's signing it then and there.

But wise old Ben Franklin shook his tomentous mane and said, according to the old joke, "Not yet. Let's wait until tomorrow, the Fourth of July, so this event may always be celebrated on a national holiday."

This met with the approval of the other rebels, tomentose and tomentulose alike, and the parchment was signed on July 4. After which they all posed for a group painting, a photographed copy of which I have here. And what a tomentose sight it is!

That of course led to the signing of another paper eleven years later. This one was written by a whole Congress of tomenta, and it began: "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union. . ."

Just how much "more" than "perfect" anything can be has over the years been my hang-up. But I always figured it was the overwrought exuberance of some young dissident with a tomentose problem.

I have often wondered why it wasn't modified to "a *more nearly* perfect Union" by some discerning member of that Continental Congress. No matter if he was glabrous or barbigerous. (Our Vice President knows what I mean.)

The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution were signed after weeks of stormy debates. Yet, history does not record that even one of the signers saw fit to heckle opponents by referring to anyone's hairstyle or his mode of dress.

That's the gap in the style of debate between the 1770s and the 1970s. Today, the issues are diverted, and the dissenters are called effete, snobbish, tomentose bums. This is not to say that the tomentose group has not also indulged itself in unattractive name-calling—"Pigs," "Fascists," "Nazis." And the childish "They started it" is not a substantive argument.

That kind of last resort, name-calling debate is a page borrowed from the joke books of nightclub comedians. When a comic is heckled by a patron who has drunk up his entire cover charge and is in the mellow mood for free and open debate on any subject, the comedian is well prepared for him.

Hoping to quiet the inebriate, the comic goes into his sure-fire "personal insult" routines. Any nightclub habitué will recall these so-called Milton Berle-ish ad libs:

"Yes, sir, you wear that suit, don't you care what anybody says?" he says to the unruly patron. Or "Did you take your ugly pill today?" Or "I remember you, madame, you heckled me ten years ago in Pittsburgh. I never forget a dress." Or "Will you please move over, sir, your head is shining in my eyes."

One-liners about a dissident student's hair or style of dress only diffuse the issues that divide us. What does it profit a man, especially one in high office, to castigate the cut of a student's jacket or the length of his tomentum or the open toes of his sandals?

The "insult" routines are not confined only to men in high office. The funny part is that many aging male private citizens who deride the tomentose students are aping them, hair for hair, dress for dress. All window dressing—mostly bay window.

It is not uncommon to hear a man put down long-haired students, while he himself sports graying sideburns down to his mandible, jacket lapeled to his ears, and trousers so tight as to cut off what little circulation he still has.

These old gentlemen use the young's rhetoric. They call the long-haired kids "uptight." The young folks make them "blow their minds." They sound "groovy," but it's only their dress and hair that are young. Their thinking is old.

Our great nation polarized and divided against itself. Where is that promised "coming together"? One can only hope that some year soon a Fourth of July will be celebrated as "Interdependence Day."

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Commencement dream:

> Generally young men are regarded as radicals. This is a popular misconception. The most conservative persons I ever met are college undergraduates.
>
> —Woodrow Wilson, 1905

In Peoria, Illinois, on the other hand, at a commencement of a local university this year, a radio announcer declared that the graduates were receiving their "pigskins." Off the sheep, we say, off the sheep.

Meanwhile, Miss Bertha Berman asked the students of her high school English class to write about pollution. "There is so much DDT in the human body," one wrote, "that it is unfit for human consumption." As if that weren't enough, the Reverend C. Douglas Hayward, of the Central United Methodist Church of Stockton, California, gave an examination on the Old Testament to his students at the University of the Pacific. He asked them to identify, in two lines or less, various persons, events, and words—among which was the word "circumcision." "This was the method," one student wrote, "Moses used to part the Red Sea."

The music from *Zhivago* still haunts —but so does the tragic case of Pasternak himself. For years there has been criticism of the role played by Giangiacomo Feltrinelli, the radical but rich Milan publisher who kept the outside-of-Russia earnings of the late Mr. Pasternak, but who, from time to time, on instructions via a letter from Pasternak, gave away various sums to various people—and, without such instruction, to the Russians. Now, it seems, Feltrinelli has his side too. All this time, he declares, he has been working on a deal with the Russians: In return for giving the Pasternak money to Russia, he not only would insure "the rehabilitation of Pasternak's reputation" but also would satisfy Pasternak's sons and heirs and at the same time secure freedom for Pasternak's mistress, Olga Ivinskaya, the model for Lara, as well as Olga's daughter Irina, both of whom have long been in prison for receiving money illegally brought into Russia. The deal, according to Mr. Feltrinelli, was signed this February and now awaits only the permission of the Italian government to export the sums involved. One thing was certain and that was the uncertainty of where Feltrinelli now is. "I am nowhere to be found," he wrote the London *Sunday Times*. "I am supposed to be in an old farmhouse in a valley in southeast Austria. But I am not there and my whereabouts are unknown."

There have been two extremely well-known books about the advertising business, *The Hucksters* by Frederick Wakeman and *The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit* by Sloan Wilson. There is now, however, a third book—with the unforgettable title *From Those Wonderful Folks Who Gave You Pearl Harbor*. It's by Jerry Della Femina, and, although he is the boss of his own agency and part of his name is pronounced "mean," he is anything but. In fact, he is a real softie and almost as funny in person as he is in his book —one which, incidentally, was edited by Charles Sopkin, who receives jacket credit with him. Mr. Della Femina was, however, late for our lunch at Pavillon. "We had a presentation to give," he explained, "and we weren't prepared."

"But we pulled it off," he continued as he sat down. "When the clients called to say they were just leaving, we gave them the wrong address. Gave us just the extra time we needed."

Mr. Della Femina explained that Simon & Schuster wanted to call his book *Up Madison Avenue*. "Ever since *Up the Organization*," he told us, "they want to call everything 'up.' If somebody brought them the Bible, they'd call it *Up the Universe*."

At that moment screenwriter Stirling Silliphant (*In the Heat of the Night, Charly*) came up to say hello to us. We introduced him to Mr. Della Femina. We also noted that he had a copy of Mr. Della Femina's book in his hand. He told us that Stuart Levin, proprietor of Pavillon, had just given it to him at the door. "I hear there may be a picture in it," he said.

"On one condition," growled Della Femina. Mr. Silliphant looked startled. "What's that?" he asked. "That," came the reply, "Lauren Bacall plays me."

Mr. Silliphant hurriedly left and sat down at another table. "*The Hucksters* was my bible," Mr. Della Femina told us. "At most agencies, you know, they're still The Hucksters. As a matter of fact, you can still terrify them by mentioning George Washington Hill. He's not been dead long enough. They think he might come back. The trouble with most advertising men is they're afraid of failure. For them it's the unknown—they've never been there. I have. I was even a failure during the boom. I had seven really rough years. With a wife and a kid, too. I can remember one day when I had a job interview. It was three degrees out and I couldn't afford the subway. And I had my presentations with me. So I kept stopping in doorways, for thirty-five blocks. I arrived at 12:20 for a 12:15 appointment. 'I am sorry,' the secretary told me, 'Mr. Lieber was going to see you but he couldn't wait. He's gone to lunch.' On the way back I decided one thing—I wasn't ever going to be afraid of anything again."

Today, in Della Femina's reception room, there are copies of 1930s magazines. Out of a radio come 1930s dramas, complete with 1930s commercials. Inside rock 'n' roll music plays all day. Mr. Della Femina is thirty-three, his oldest employee is thirty-eight, his youngest, seventeen—ex-Kent State. "We keep the really wild ones out back," he explained. "I am sure they're making bombs. But at five o'clock in my office we all have a drink —to celebrate getting through another day. And one day each week I go into every office in our shop—and just talk.

"They come to us," he told us, "from the big, bad agencies—with their knives. The big agencies have turned them into killers. But then, in a few weeks with us, they're people. They know they're not going to get hurt, and they know they're not going to get robbed. I mean of their ideas. I know—I've been hurt and I've been robbed.

"I think," Della Femina continued, "our shop is going to turn out to be a sort of model—for other businesses. The problems in the schools are going to be the problems in business. People just aren't going to go on taking the abuse.

"We have one girl," Della Femina concluded, "who's really way out. She's a real radical. I signed my book for her: 'To Kay, who is such a great writer. It's too bad we disagree politically.'

"She was very pleased too," he added. " 'Coming from a Fascist pig,' she said, 'I think that's very nice.' "

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1890)

Anthony Gibbs:
IN MY OWN GOOD TIME

That afternoon my father went down to get a cup of tea in the main lounge. The whole shooting match was there in one corner. Hitler, Himmler, Goering, Hess, and little Goebbels, laughing loudly among themselves and guzzling éclairs. What a bunch.

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Chess Corner No. 154

A little over a half-century ago, an infraction of the rules was met by an unusual penalty. An illegal move, for example, called for a king move by the violator. Thus, if a player moved his knight to, say, KN3 instead of KB3, he had to retract the illegality and accept punishment by moving his king.

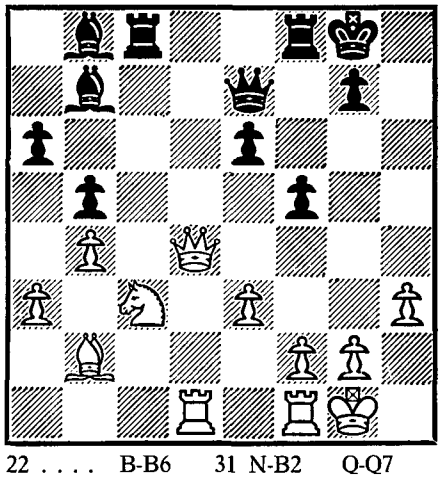
In this connection, one chess buff was a stickler. "Move your king" was his prompt reflex, when he encountered a spurious play.

And so it happened, as it often does, that a master wished to initiate a combination with a king move. But he was certain that the move would only serve a leading purpose, that is, to expose what he had in mind. Hence, the master relied on an innocent ploy—an impossible knight move. Immediately, the stickler demanded, "Move your king."

In this way the Reverend William Lombardy of Saint Mary's Church, the Bronx, defeated Pal Benko. Black's 18 was a "sack," not a blunder.

English Opening

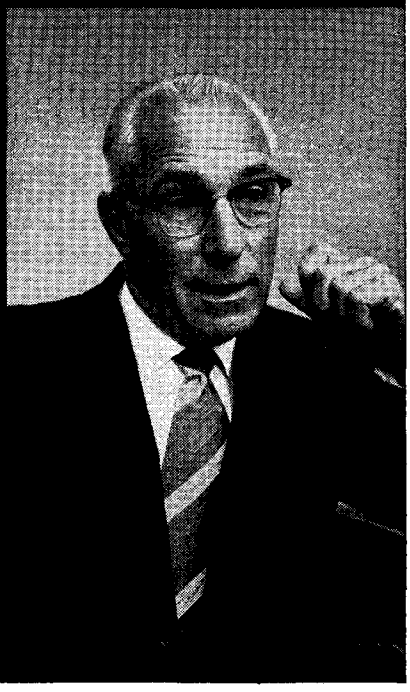
	Benko White	Lombardy Black		Benko White	Lombardy Black
1	P-QB4	P-QB4	12	BxP	P-QN4
2	N-KB3	N-KB3	13	B-Q3	B-N2
3	N-B3	N-B3	14	O-O	QR-B1
4	P-K3	P-K3	15	Q-K2	N-N5
5	P-Q4	P-Q4	16	P-R3	N/5-K4
6	P-QR3	P-QR3	17	NxN	NxN
7	PxBP	BxP	18	BxPch	KxB
8	P-QN4	B-R2	19	Q-R5ch	K-N1
9	B-N2	O-O	20	QxN	P-B4
10	Q-B2	Q-K2	21	QR-Q1	B-N1
11	B-K2	PxP	22	Q-Q4	....



22	....	B-B6	31	N-B2	Q-Q7
23	PxB	R-B5	32	N-K1	QxB
24	QxR	PxQ	33	RxP	Q-R8
25	N-K2	R-Q1	34	K-B1	P-K5
26	P-B4	K-B2	35	R-B5	B-K4
27	RxR	QxR	36	K-K2	B-B6
28	N-Q4	Q-Q4	37	N-B2	Q-N7
29	R-B1	P-N4	Forfeit		
30	PxP	P-K4			

—Al Horowitz.

"Drug research gives me the tools that save lives."



A family doctor looks at new developments in the pharmaceutical industry. And he speculates on the future.

When I look back at some of my old records, I'm constantly reminded of the changes that have come about in medicine just during the past twenty-five years. Some of the diseases I treated and prayed over in the '40's are found mostly in medical history books now.

Thanks to drug research and development, we've made substantial gains in the control of cardiovascular disease, diabetes, malaria, mental illness, strep and staph infections, meningitis and a long list of ailments. It seems like only yesterday when a diagnosis of pneumonia was almost the kiss of death. Now, with modern medical techniques and drug therapy, we can offer some real help.

My records on polio, influenza and measles show an unbelievable trend for the better. New vaccines have reduced the toll of these age-old threats dramatically. And I see patients in pain from crippling arthritis helped with new medicinals unknown just a few years ago.

I hear questions about the three billion or so dollars spent by the drug industry in research during the past ten years . . . working on new and better drug products. It does seem like quite a bit of money to spend, and I realize some of it goes into dead ends. That's the problem with research, any research . . . you often don't know where you're going until you get there. I want all the tools I can get to help my patients. I want more drugs and more effective drugs. If they mean less pain, longer lives and more productive careers for those I treat . . . well, that's what really counts.

Another point of view . . . Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

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Saturday Review
July 4, 1970

THE DARK SIDE OF AFFLUENCE

Who Owns the Environment?

We are in the early stages of a revolt against "growth" and traditional notions of efficiency, but we have not yet decided who the enemy is and who should pay the price.

by PETER SCHRAG

It is hard to listen to the accumulating prophecies of environmental apocalypse without the nagging sense that the country is about to stage its greatest and—if the prophets are right—its last revival, a millenarian event unmatched in modern history. In my local bookstore where, six months ago, I could hardly find a volume of Commoner or Ehrlich, there is now a large paperback section marked *Ecology!*—the exclamation point is dark and bold—flanking a smaller shelf labeled *Technology . . .*? The books in that section, the teach-ins, the platform rhetoric, the magazine pieces, the ecology action groups, and conservation societies, the population planners, and the assorted unclassifiable Cassandras of destruction seem to be telling me—collectively, if not individually—that the end is near. If air pollution and poisoned water don't get us, overpopulation will. I am being prepared for the worst.

And yet—at the same time, I hear something else, polite but determined, comfortable yet anxious. The same issues, but with limited vision, a sort of environmental myopia, reminiscent of a suburban zoning meeting: People who have theirs—nice houses and lawns, nice schools and little shoppes and country clubs—getting together To Do Something about the unsightly litter on the mall—empty beer cans on the grass and four-letter words on the gate to the swimming pool. Moreover, it is said, some real estate operator is getting ready to put up some cheap housing (Negroes?) and a trailer park at the edge of town. Can't have that; have to keep the place up. This is not the time for anyone to ask for more; this is the time to clean up the mess produced by the goods we (or some of us) already enjoy. Fine the polluters. Keep the streams clean. Protect the fish.

You are told that it's all the same thing, that The Environment means everything from the beaches of Santa Barbara to street cleaning in Canarsie and rats in Harlem, everything from the greenhouse effect to famine in India. And so, in a way, it does. If necessary The Environment will envelop every problem of mankind, making it a handy political device to convert explosive social pressures—protest against the Vietnam War, racial friction, youth revolt, hunger, poverty—into an era of good feeling in which we all Work Together to Save the Earth. Unpalatable issues can be deferred or ignored or obfuscated in the larger cause. And yet, in meaning everything, The Environment means nothing because we have not yet devised means to assess the rates of exchange: the necessity to feed growing numbers of people against the measurable depletion of the soil; the jobs of auto workers (or the lack of public transportation) against the frustration of traffic jams and the hazards of air pollution; the civil liberties of people who want large families against the demands of population control; the elimination of crop insects and malaria (DDT?) against the preservation of fish.

Moreover, we do not know—and this is likely to be the most important issue of all—whether the disamenities of increased production (pollution, resource depletion, crowding, waste disposal, noise) have already begun to exceed its benefits, whether we have reached or passed the point where growth as measured by Gross National Product is already inconsistent with what we now call the quality of life. Does every additional automobile create more problems for the society than it solves? Does every skyscraper or every highway in a "growing" city create more difficulties in pollution, crime control, congestion, and frustration than it resolves in taxes, jobs, and other benefits? Is growth itself counterproductive? No economist is prepared to answer the question because disamenities are hard to calculate, yet clearly something is rapidly changing: We are in the early stages of a revolt against "affluence," "growth," and traditional notions of efficiency, but we have not yet decided who the enemy is and who should pay the price. It is, for obvious reasons, the affluent who are most concerned about "growth," not the poor; their problem is food and housing, not clean beaches; "the environment" is still a class issue. And because growth, expansion, and wealth are among the most fundamental articles of solid Americanism, the ultimate conflict is likely to be more divisive than the issues which it has temporarily replaced. "We have met the enemy," said Pogo, "and it is us."

If the environment is everything, there can be no experts; so far, moreover, most instruments of economic measurement — GNP, growth, profits, employment, foreign trade — are calibrated in such a way as to conceal the most fundamental environmental problems. Gross National Product, it has been said, is a misnomer: What it measures is cost — the cost of goods and services from refrigerators and food to the fees paid to doctors for treating the victims of pollution-caused emphysema (which happens to be the most rapidly growing cause of

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death in America), from electric toothbrushes to mink coats. "What GNP measures," someone said, "is garbage." But it does not measure all the garbage: the anxiety of crowding, the impersonality of large cities, the time lost in commuting, the destruction of resources, or the general ugliness of the landscape. There have been attempts to measure the price of air and water pollution — the extra cost of laundry, medical care, water treatment—but it is impossible to convert ugliness and discomfort into dollars. "A lot needs to be done," said Kenneth Boulding, one of the few economists who think about environmental issues, "and no one is doing it. The profession has been wholly derelict." As a result the environmentalists, most of them with biological training, have tended to monopolize the issue:

LaMont Cole of Cornell University: "Our fundamental problem is what I would like to call our 'chamber of commerce' syndrome, that growth is good."

Paul R. Ehrlich, Stanford University: "Our entire economy is geared to growing population and monumental waste. Buy land and hold it; the price is sure to go up. Why? Exploding population on a finite planet. Buy natural resources stocks; their price is sure to go up. Why? Exploding population and finite resources. Buy automotive or airline stocks; their price is sure to go up. Why? More people to move around. . . . And so it goes. Up goes the population, and up goes the magical figure, the Gross National Product. . . . We have assumed the role of the robber barons of all time. We have decided that we are the chosen people to steal all we can get of our planet's gradually stored and limited resources. . . ."

Wayne H. Davis of the University of Kentucky: "The assumption of continued affluence at today's level is unfounded. If our numbers continue to rise, our standard of living will fall so sharply that by the year 2000 any surviving Americans might consider today's average Asian well off. Our children's destructive effects on their environment will decline as they sink ever lower into poverty. . . . Our economy is based upon the Keynesian concept of a continued growth in population and productivity. It worked in an underpopulated nation with excess resources. It could continue to work only if the Earth and its resources were expanding at an annual rate of 4 to 5 per cent. Yet neither the number of cars, the economy, the human population, nor anything else can expand indefinitely at an exponential rate in a finite world. We must face this fact *now*. The crisis is here. When Walter Heller says that our economy will expand by 4 per cent through the latter 1970s, he is dreaming. He is in a theoretical world totally unaware of the realities of human ecology. If the economists do not wake up and devise a new system for us now, somebody else will have to do it for them."

The common theme of these declarations is that there simply isn't enough space or resources to meet the optimistic forecasts of entrepreneurs, boosters, and economists — that, indeed, optimism itself is helping to destroy the environment and maybe the human race along with it. The ecologists and the population experts, in other words, have turned into Neo-Malthusians whose most optimistic predictions include severe curtailment not only of pollution and population but of production itself. As John Kenneth Galbraith points out, the classical economists were never very optimistic either about the possibility of an equitable distribution of goods or about the capacity to produce them in abundance: Economics was the dismal science. To some extent the American experience—and especially the "affluent" years after World War II—seemed to have repealed that pessimism: We could produce for everybody and have a surplus to boot. Now the surpluses are almost gone, and the soil itself—let alone the supply of minerals, water, and air—is deteriorating at a measurable rate, said to be over 1 per cent per year, through the use of synthetic fertilizers and excessive farming. (Moreover, the amount of available land decreases every year. According to one estimate, cropland in the United States is now down to 2.6 acres per person; the danger point when we can no longer feed ourselves as lavishly as we do now is 2.25 acres, a figure we will reach about 1975.)

Harvey Wheeler of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions speaks about a revolution of declining expectations. "As a people," he said, "we will never be as rich again." At the same time, the economists point out that they have heard such predictions in the past and that science and technology have always come to the rescue. "The environmentalists," said one, "are making asses of themselves. Certainly there are always possibilities for disaster, but we really don't know where they are." People such as Commoner or Ehrlich answer that this time science isn't likely to rescue anybody, that, in fact, the untested use of scientific "breakthroughs" has helped create the environmental catastrophe we are about to face.

One of the few economists to attack the growth syndrome is E. J. Mishan of the London School of Economics, whose overlapping books *The Costs of Economic Growth* and *Technology and Growth: The Price We Pay* are among the first to deal with the disamenities of affluence. Like Galbraith in *The Affluent Society*, Mishan wants to divert resources from "industrial gadgetry" to public purposes, among them "the neglected task of replanning our towns and cities" and the re-creation of "an environment that will gratify and inspire men." Mishan is an elitist and a

"Tell them to hold the parade. I can't buckle my swash."

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conservative, concerned by the shabbiness of contemporary cultural and moral standards, and quite sure that an attractive English village is worth more if thousands of tourists aren't allowed to run through it in their automobiles. He is unabashed in his belief that Bach is better than pop music, even though the latter may contribute more to GNP. "If we are concerned primarily with social welfare," he writes, "those forms of economic growth that meet our welfare criteria will in any case be approved and adopted, the remainder being rejected: Thus, sources of 'worthwhile' economic growth will continue to be sought after."

For Mishan, the real villains are those who measure the health of a society by the conventional economic indices and who disregard the disproduct—noise, garbage, and crowding. He speaks about property rights as against amenity rights: "Privacy, quiet, and clean air are scarce goods, far scarcer than they were before the war and sure to become scarcer in the foreseeable future. There is no warrant, therefore, for allowing them to be treated as though they were free goods." He argues that the pricing system and the market are not responsive to minorities or to amenity rights, and he wants to create "amenity areas" where people who want to escape the noise of jet airplanes or the nuisance of cars can do so. Mishan also wants to ban all private automobiles from inner cities and favors international agreements restricting air travel. If airlines had to purchase the right to fly over private property, he suggests, the cost of such travel would be generally prohibitive. Why, he asks, should air space be "free"? Why, indeed?

Mishan is, in his own way, as much a millenarian as are the environmentalists. The syndrome of growth, he writes, has produced a disintegrating civilization whose decay cannot be halted until there is an end to "the preoccupation with 'index economics.'" Public policy, he points out, has been geared to maximizing those indices—toward favorable balances of trade, full employment, and, as always, growth in GNP—and not toward social welfare. "Growthmania" is the enemy: "Our environment is sinking fast into a welter of disamenities, yet the most vocal part of the community cannot raise their eyes from the trade figures to remark the painful event."

The conventional response to the sort of criticism that Mishan makes is based on "progress" and "free choice." People buy what they want. Furthermore, it is said, the very people we are most concerned about—the poor—will be unable to get their piece of the action if expansion is curtailed. Both arguments are unconvincing; in the first place, most of what we produce goes neither to the poor nor the marginal elements in the society. Much of it, indeed, simply replaces garbage: new cars for example, to replace junk cars. (Ralph Nader, on a television program, asked a group of economists if inflation included the production of goods of declining quality at the same price—shabby cars for instance. They were unable to answer.) If we produced half as many automobiles lasting twice as long, nothing would change except the size of the junk yards. We produce some five million electric refrigerators each year, but the number of families that own refrigerators goes up by only one million. Of 4.4 million clothes washers manufactured annually, nearly 70 per cent are bought by people who replace their old one. (And then, of course, there are the electric slicing knives, toothbrushes, can openers, and hundreds of other marginal consumer gadgets, few of which are likely to ameliorate the lives of the indigent.)

"I don't object to your living in a world of your own, Milton, but those occasional chuckles are terribly irritating."

For most of us, "choice" is based not on necessity but on cultural conditioning; people are trained to be consumers, to feel inadequate if they don't buy the best, or get the wash as white as the woman next door, or turn in the car every three years. (If women's liberation really begins to catch on, it may well destroy the economy, not only by teaching women to refuse exploitative jobs but by making it clear that consumption is not the road to fulfillment.) It is hardly news to say that we rarely have wants for goods that do not exist; we *create* wants, through advertising and schooling, for what manufacturers have available. Choice, moreover, is limited not only as to environment and product—you can't get away from foul air, nor can you buy a discontinued model — but also as to the conditions, hours, and places of employment. People are taught that the price of affluence is a dull job whose nature is dictated by "technology." Freedom is a cart in the supermarket. The choices we have, in other words, are made available through denial of other options whose value never appears in the statistics. And one of those options is the environment itself.

The current campaign against pollution seems—at least at the official levels of government — to be directed primarily toward the most obvious phenomena: waste disposal, sewage treatment, air pollution control, and the protection of wildlife. Its general tendency will be to require polluters either to cease and desist or to pay the price of the damage. A good thing. In the long run, however, the cost of effective waste disposal will simply be built into the price of the goods; in turn, pollution control will also create new economic activity—sewage plants, filters, air cleaners—which will also be part of "growth" in GNP. The environment, in other words, is supposed to be structured into existing economic assumptions and arrangements; it is not, for the moment at least, prompting any fundamental re-examination of

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"growth," GNP, or the conventional indices of well-being.

At the same time, the government—meaning the public—continues to subsidize environmental destruction in the name of progress. In the current federal budget, which includes $27-million for air pollution research, $275-million was appropriated for the development of the SST, which is likely not only to shatter the landscape with its sonic boom but also to foul the stratosphere—perhaps permanently—with vapors and exhaust materials affecting weather and climate. Instead of encouraging the importation of foreign oil, while we can still get it, we restrict it, allegedly to reduce our dependency on overseas operators but, in fact, to maintain the prices and profits of domestic producers. Moreover—and more important—we continue to subsidize mineral resource depletion through tax allowances, and large families through tax deductions. The President's Coordinating Council on the Environment is supposed to make existing federal agencies aware of environmental considerations, but if you ask about economic planning or the relation of GNP and growth to the environment, they hardly know what you're talking about.

Nonetheless, it is striking how a growing minority is coming to regard the old artifacts of "progress" as symbols of destruction: Although the marriage continues—there are, after all, no existing alternatives—our romance with the automobile is coming to an end; smoking chimneys bring on the pollution inspectors and embarrassment at the Chamber of Commerce, and those nice sudsy detergents elicit uncomfortable apologies from the soap industry. All that may be no more than a set of precious gestures on the part of those who already have theirs—the cars, the houses, the chlorinated private swimming pools—and yet it is clear that "affluence" is producing something more than the old elitist contempt for suburban materialism. Against the once unqualified celebration of production and growth there appears the first awakening of a perception of disamenities and a sense that something is coming to an end.

The students—and many others—who constitute the radical wings of the environmentalist movement are, many of them, more interested in the failures of affluence than they are in the more obvious manifestations of pollution that it produces; the crack in the picture window, relabeled ecology, is becoming a crusade against growth. Which is to say that even if the disamenities can't be measured, they are being felt. Resentment of the business rat race and the well-advertised reluctance of affluent kids to enter high-paying jobs in industry represent not simply a revolt against corporate organizations and org-men, but more fundamentally a reflection of the feeling that what corporations do isn't worth doing even if there were no environmental issues. Production, for them, is no longer an adventure but a travesty; since we discovered the sulphides in the air and the phosphates in the water, their view of that travesty has become respectable.

But there is something else—another set of disamenities—that may generate really violent divisions regarding ecology and growth. The economist Robert Lekachman summarized the question in a recent issue of *Commentary*: "If we are so rich," he asked, "why do we feel so poor?" Part of the reason, as he points out, is inflation, but part also derives from the very lack of basic choice that Mishan describes. You have to buy a smelly car that will break down in three years (with luck that is) because no other transportation is available; you can't (usually) buy your way out of pollution; you can't find a competent mechanic to repair the gadgets that are supposed to make your life so rich. "Even if markets were unrigged," he wrote, "and consumers [were] as rational as economists sometimes generously assume them to be, they could not buy appliances that function with reasonable reliability, foods innocent of chemical preservatives, medicines uninflated by the pharmaceutical companies' labeling and marketing maneuvers, or living space securely protected from intolerable environmental noise."

The feeling of being poor cuts across a fairly broad spectrum of class and economic lines; you can win the votes of Buffalo factory workers with attacks on the destruction of the fish in Lake Erie; you can find members of local trade unions opposing industrial expansion because "growth" in jobs and in the membership of the union will be offset by more pollution, and you can hear the presidents of established corporations and foundations questioning "that form of economic growth that simply multiplies production and consumption of material goods." And yet, if the feeling is common, the possible solutions are divisive. *The issue of "environment" brings together those who already consume, not those who aspire to it.* When Ecology Action buried a new automobile in California recently, black militants demanded that the car be turned over to them for the movement; why should anyone destroy $2,000 worth of stuff—however important the symbol—when you can convert it into breakfast for 5,000 hungry kids? The environment, in other words, can become not only a consumer good, but the ultimate item in conspicuous consumption for people who are so classy or affluent that they can bury or otherwise destroy cars that the lower classes are killing themselves to ride.

Some people, in short, feel poor because they are poor, and no set of environmental controls and no restriction of growth is going to do much for them unless we can figure out a way of allocating the goods that are produced to give every person an adequate por-

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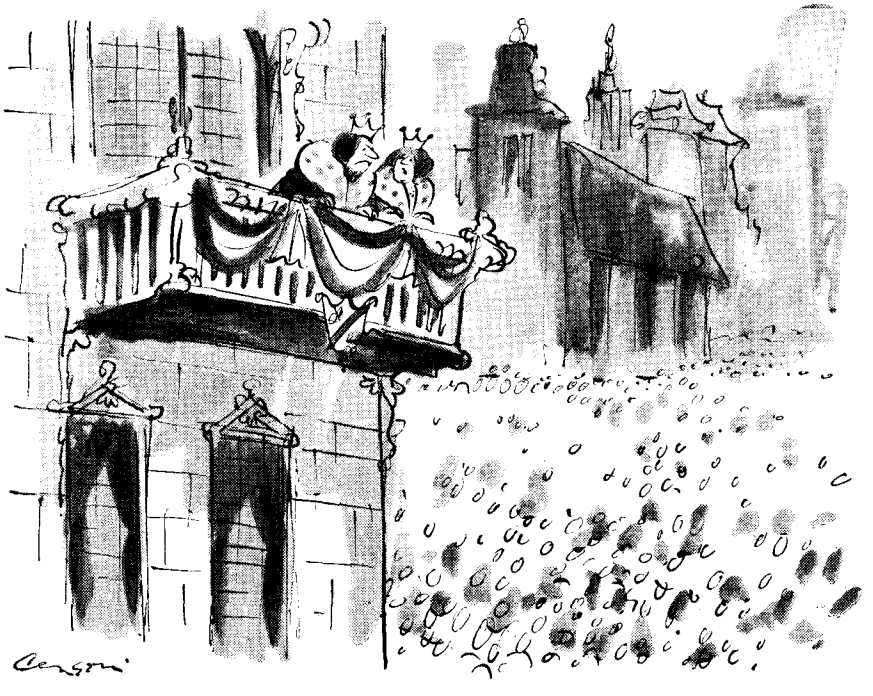

"If they smile, smile back."

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America's Heritage of Bigness

We've always wanted more of everything: more production, more trade, more money. . . .

by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

When, in the late eighteenth century, the industrial revolution began to ferment in England and France, the pattern of the relations of economy to government was pretty well fixed. Business and industry did not have a clean slate on which to write their own terms. To the contrary, they had to fit, as best they could, into the existing pattern of control. The crown was there; the church was there; the landed aristocracy was there; the merchant adventurers and the guilds were there; the army and the navy were there; and the law, largely fashioned by these interests, was there, too. Business and industry were newcomers, almost upstarts, and were in no position to demand special privileges, much less to dictate the terms on which they would function. They had to be content with what government, church, and society would allow them, or with what they could carve out for themselves—often in the overseas empires and colonies—by resourcefulness, adventure, or force. Thus, in the Old World, business took for granted that it occupied a subordinate and dependent position, and reconciled itself to the fact that it could not expect to have its way, but was bound by ancient law and prescriptive rights, and was limited by other interests more powerful than those which it represented.

France and Spain, the two greatest colonial powers, extended this system and this philosophy to their colonies; there was no more room for private enterprise in New France or New Spain than in Old. However, in the English colonies the situation was very different, and that difference carried over into the era when they became an independent United States. Here there was no fixed pattern into which business had to fit, no powerful interests to which it was required to adjust. Here, even in the colonial period, there was no powerful monarchy, no universal church, no landed aristocracy, no army or navy, no guilds, no prescriptive rights, and few legal restraints. What had been true in the colonial era was even more true after independence. The new governments that the Americans set up were, for the most part, weak; indeed, weakness in government was one of the objectives of the Revolution, for Americans had had their bellyfuls of strong government and were more concerned with limitations on government than with governmental power.

From the beginning, too, the federal government, which had only those powers specifically granted to it, was reluctant to exercise even implied economic powers, and for a long time contented itself with a kind of benevolent patronage. Thus, although the Constitution granted the federal government power "to regulate commerce among the several States," the first timid regulation of such commerce came in the Interstate Commerce Act of 1887—precisely a century after the Revolution. Not until the New Deal did the federal government really use its Constitutional power to supervise the American economy in any comprehensive fashion.

As for the states, they were simply not strong enough to regulate such great national industrial groups as steel or oil or the railroads, nor did they (except during temporary waves of Populistic sentiment) show any desire to do so. Quite the contrary. For the most part they competed with each other for the benefits such industries could bring to their individual localities. Far from imposing effective regulation upon these industrial groups (difficult in any event under the American Constitutional system), they commonly tempted them with special privileges and seduced them with promises of exemption from restrictive laws or burdensome taxes. This deeply engrained habit persisted well into the twentieth century: Witness the successful campaign to attract the New England textile industry to the Southern Atlantic Seaboard. Americans take this for granted, but imagine Sussex offering Imperial Chemicals tax rebates in order to seduce it from Lancashire or York, or Brittany giving to railroads special privileges they did not enjoy in Normandy. To be sure, the national governments do this, but only on *their* terms—terms that, presumably, prosper the national interest, and not merely local or private ones.

The special character of American labor likewise played into the hands of business. Not only was American labor in no position to impose serious restraints upon business and industry; it did not really want to. In the industrial countries of the Old World, labor constituted a separate, self-conscious, and powerful class, one whose economic, political, and even social interests were presumed to be antagonistic toward and endangered by business. But in the United States, labor was not, in any formal sense, a "class," for almost all workingmen shared the notion and the ideal of a classless society. European workingmen knew that there was not the slightest chance

"I'm one of the country's foremost thinkers. What's on your mind?"

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that they would rise to the managerial class—or marry the boss's daughter—whereas American workingmen could, and did, rise on both the business and social ladders. "From rags to riches" was an even more accurate cliché than "From log cabin to White House." Furthermore, labor unions came on the scene rather late, and when they did come, they tended to be exclusive rather than inclusive. Even more important, American labor eschewed politics. It was prepared to support a party that promised to regulate the trusts or restrict immigration, but it was not prepared to enter the political arena with a program of socialization. Even the welfare state, when it came, was not a product of labor agitation, but of liberal and intellectual stimuli.

In his great "Cross of Gold" speech of 1896, William Jennings Bryan had charged that business made the term *businessman far too narrow in its application.*

> The man who is employed for wages is as much a businessman as his employer; the attorney in a country town is as much a businessman as the corporation counsel; the merchant at the crossroads store is as much a businessman as the merchant in New York . . . the miners who go down a thousand feet into the earth . . . are as much businessmen as the few financial magnates who, in a back room, corner the money of the world.

True enough, but all this did not mean what Bryan thought that it meant. The clerks, the shopkeepers, the farmers, the miners were indeed businessmen, and, what is more, they thought of themselves as such, and—alas for Bryan—voted as such. They had no hostility to business and industry; they wanted to be in on the gravy. Today, organized labor and unorganized agriculture are two of the most conservative elements of the American society; they never were radical.

All this might be considered the negative side of the picture. More reassuring was the positive aspect of the scene that opened up before the eyes of the American businessman. For here were a vast continent to be settled, limitless resources to be exploited, infinite wealth to be created, and it was private enterprise, not government, that was assigned the gratifying and exhilarating task. Elsewhere, although private enterprise usually built canals and railroads, it was the government that eventually took them over and managed them. But not in America. The same was true of public utilities, telegraph and telephone systems, and—in the twentieth century—radio and TV networks, all of which were owned, administered, and controlled by local or national governments. Except in America.

Nor did the new nation adopt the legal principle, all but universally held by European powers, that the crown, or the state, had title to all subsoil wealth; even in common law—which most American states did adopt—the crown, or the government, had customarily asserted a right to a percentage of all wealth in precious metals of land otherwise ceded to companies or proprietors. In the United States, businessmen were confronted by no comparable limitations on their right to exploit the natural resources of the country.

There was everything to be done, and as government could not do it, private enterprise must. What is more, those who expanded the country, dug the canals, built the railroads, cut down the forests and shipped the timber to market, and opened up the coal, iron, and copper mines were regarded as public benefactors. Every community clamored for "development"; every embryo town, every territory and state, competed for the favor of railroad magnates and titans of industry. Farmers could not hope to sell their produce without access to markets, and they were prepared to buy railroads at almost any price; cities could not flourish without industry, and they held out inducements to business that often mortgaged their future for a generation to come. In the absence of public enterprise, private enterprise was not only a boon, it was a necessity.

Under such circumstances, it was perhaps inevitable that business enterprise should attract the most ambitious, the most energetic, and the most adventurous individuals; from John Jacob Astor to Andrew Carnegie, these were the qualities that characterized the self-made businessman. And the rewards were immense—not only the pecuniary rewards, but the social as well. The successful businessman was both the model and the hero; newspapers and magazines sang his praises, popular fiction—especially that which catered to the young—held him up as a hero, and philosophy, i.e., the new philosophy of Social Darwinism, celebrated him as an instrument of progress. A grateful public—and an expectant one—placed the businessman in posts of dignity and honor, and called loudly for all institutions, but particularly the institution of government, to adopt business standards. Not scholars but businessmen sat on boards of trustees of universities; not artists but businessmen ran the museums; not doctors but businessmen directed the affairs of hospitals. By the time of William McKinley it was taken pretty much for granted that, although government should stay out of business, business should, as far as possible, take over the government.

Thus, although the Congress had originally set up regulatory commissions to curb the excesses of the railroads or trusts or radio and television, it was thought entirely proper that these commissions should pass under the control of the industries and businesses to be regulated—which is where they are now. Consequently, while it was regarded as fitting and proper that a financier such as Andrew Mellon should be Secretary of the Treasury, it was not taken for granted that labor leaders such as John L. Lewis or Walter Reuther should be Secretary of Labor. Lawyers and businessmen increasingly monopolized Cabinet positions and other high posts in the federal bureaucracy, and three times in this century business openly dominated Presidential administrations: the Taft, the Hoover, and the Eisenhower, none of which could be considered among the more glittering eras of American history. It is too early to say whether the present administration, more completely under the dominion of business than any of its predecessors, will call for a different verdict.

In the light of all this, it was further inevitable that not only the business community but Americans generally should take for granted the validity of a series of assumptions about the proper role of business in American life. Most of these are so familiar that it is sufficient to list them.

First, the assumption that private enterprise can do anything better than public, and is therefore always to be preferred.

Second, it followed that government should be reduced to a minimum except where it could help business perform its beneficent functions through tariffs, subsidies, tax exemptions, the farming out of contracts, and the support of business ventures overseas.

Third, that although change and even revolution were essential to progress and prosperity in business and industry, they were dangerous in all other areas. They were particularly dangerous in politics, because revolution here threatened the stability of property, of the financial system, and of the normal relations between capital and labor, and because it might lead to socialism. The immense power of business should therefore be thrown on the side of maintaining the status quo.

Fourth, that as business is the driving force in society, the more of it the better. National well-being then was judged in terms of business, and increasingly of business *growth*. What was wanted was more of everything:

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more land under cultivation; more cattle on the High Plains; more production of iron, steel, oil, and gas; more domestic and foreign trade; more money in banks, and more investments in stocks and bonds; more airplane travel; more automobiles on the roads; more highways; more telephones; more television sets—although not more stations, or networks.

For business did not equate growth in size with pluralism, but with concentration. Bigness is brought about not by increasing the number of automobile manufacturers, or steel companies, or television networks, but by consolidation and concentration. But this assumption of the beneficence of bigness is limited largely to the realm of private enterprise. Big business is good and bigger business is better, but big government is deplorable and bigger government is dangerous.

With these assumptions we come back full circle to our point of departure: why business occupies so special and privileged a position in the United States—a position not conceded it elsewhere in the Western world. The explanation, as we have seen, is to be found in the special circumstances of the founding and growth of the new nation, and in the simple fact that the countervailing forces present in all other societies operated here with very diminished strength. And because business was so strongly in command of American enterprise throughout the nineteenth century, it was given credit for the success of that enterprise. Yet, that success could be attributed more properly to the rich abundance of natural resources, the availability of labor, and the enlightened policies of government than to private business.

Other nations in the New World boasted immense natural resources and an adequate labor supply, but not the political enlightenment, which was crucial. It is relevant to remember that the men who formulated these policies, and then wrote them into constitutions and laws, were not trained in business or devoted to private enterprise; they were planters, farmers, and lawyers, all of them devoted to public enterprise.

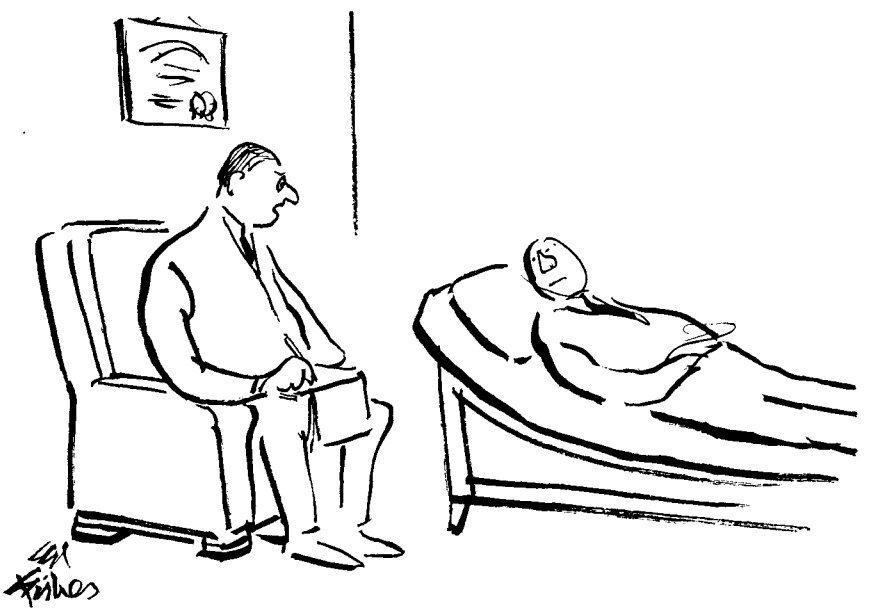
It was devotion to the commonwealth that inspired the generation of the Founding Fathers; it was the sense of obligation to the new nation, to mankind, to posterity that animated Franklin and Washington, Jefferson and Hamilton, John Adams and Tom Paine, John Jay and James Madison, and others who are now part of the American Valhalla. From their earliest youth they gave themselves in service to Virginia or Massachusetts or South Carolina, and, in the end, to the new nation they had called into being. They trained themselves to serve the commonwealth; they exhausted their energies, their talents, and their fortunes in service to the commonwealth. Modern-day politicians and civil servants seem to do pretty well for themselves; it is pertinent to remember that Washington had to borrow $500 to go to his own inauguration; that Jefferson died a bankrupt after fifty years in the public service; that friends had to come to the aid of Hamilton's family after his death in Weehawken; that John Adams returned from the Presidency to farming; that Tom Paine, who served his country well, and France, too, died a pauper. They were not frustrated or defeated men; they were the Argonauts, they had found the golden fleece, but it was for the enrichment of their fellow men, and of posterity.

The confession of obligation to posterity can, of course, be merely rhetorical. But no one who immerses himself in the writings of the men of that generation can doubt that it was genuine and pervasive. Remember Tom Paine's plea for independence: " 'Tis not the concern of a day, a year, or an age; posterity are virtually involved in the contest." Or John Adams's touching letter to his beloved Abigail when he signed the Declaration of Independence: "Through all the gloom I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. Posterity will triumph in this day's transaction, even although we should rue it, which I trust in God we shall not." And listen to Washington, speaking to his fellow officers at Newburgh: "You will, by the dignity of your conduct, afford occasion for posterity to say, when speaking of the glorious example you have exhibited to mankind, 'Had this day been wanting, the world had never seen the last stage of perfection to which human nature is capable of attaining.' "

Those who created the American Republic, and put it on that affluent course it was to follow, were nourished on the literature of the ancient world. They knew—it was almost instinctive with them—that noble boast of Pericles in the Funeral Oration (which later inspired Lincoln's Gettysburg Address):

> Ours is no workaday city. No other provides so many recreations for the spirit—contests and sacrifices all the day long, and beauty in our public buildings to cheer the heart and delight the eyes day by day. . . . We have more at stake than men who have no such inheritance. . . . Let us then draw strength, not merely from the twice-told arguments—how fair and noble a thing it is to show courage in battle—but from the busy spectacle of our great city's life as we have it before us day by day, falling in love with her as we see her, and remembering that all this greatness she owes to men with the fighter's daring, the wise man's understanding of his duty, and the good man's self-discipline in its performance.

We can, if we will, emulate the Athenians who built so splendidly that their citizens "drew strength from the busy spectacle of [their] great city's life," and that posterity could delight in its beauty and its glory. A business civilization, concerned to exploit what it can of the resources of the nation now and for benefit of its generation, and blind to its fiduciary obligations, does not build such a city. A society obsessed with the vindication of private enterprise does not nourish a generation dedicated to public enterprise. Without that dedication, the commonwealth is betrayed and lost.



"Frankly, you're my only patient. Everyone else has gone into publishing."

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Louis Armstrong, American Original

—*Jack Bradley*

Louis Armstrong—his "vocabulary . . . was used not merely by trumpet players but all jazz instrumentalists."

by STANLEY DANCE

No one, and certainly not the contemporary audience that knows him best for "Hello, Dolly!" should be surprised to learn that Louis Armstrong began his musical career as a singer. It was, in fact, as the tenor in a youthful vocal quartet that he met his destiny on the streets of New Orleans, where he was born on July 4, 1900, a mere seventy years ago this week.

The well-known story tells how Louis (alias Dippermouth, alias Dipper), Little Mack, Big Nose Sidney, and Happy Bolton were walking down Rampart Street, entertaining and celebrating, on New Year's Day, 1913, when a youngster on the other side of the street fired a gun in the air. Louis, egged on by his friends, replied with his stepfather's .38, which he had borrowed for the occasion. Unfortunately, or fortunately, depending on the point of view, Louis promptly fell into the arms of the law and soon found himself in the Waifs' Home.

Life in the home was quite different from that in the fast neighborhood where he had been raised, but he adjusted rapidly. The discipline he experienced and the musical tuition he received there were to serve him well in later life. Encouraged by Peter Davis, the music instructor, he progressed rapidly from tambourine to drums, to alto horn, to bugle, to cornet, and to leadership of the band. Music was in his blood, and his very first drum break brought cheers from the other boys. Singing, however, was now to take second place to the cornet.

He was fourteen when he left the Waifs' Home, and, although he had acquired a reputation by leading its band in parades, there were difficult years ahead. To help his mother and sister, he drove a coal cart, delivered newspapers, helped on a milk wagon, unloaded bananas, and worked with a wrecking crew. As far as the night people were concerned, he was, as he reveals in his autobiographical *Satchmo: My Life in New Orleans*, "pretty wise to things. I had been brought up around the honky-tonks on Liberty and Perdido where life was just about the same as it was in Storyville except that the chippies were cheaper."

He was befriended by cornetist Joe Oliver, whom he has always credited with being his greatest influence. When Oliver left for Chicago in 1917, Louis took his place in a band led by trombonist Kid Ory. The following year, he played with Fate Marable and several notable musicians from New Orleans on a Mississippi riverboat. A major step came in 1922, when Oliver, now "King" Oliver, sent for him to take the second cornet chair in his band at the Lincoln Gardens in Chicago.

The Chicago period was one of ferment and fertilization, with which Bud Freeman, an eye and ear witness to it all, deals on pages 15-17. The interlude with Fletcher Henderson in New York was one that Russell Procope, one of Duke Ellington's sax veterans, recalls (from hearing the band at the Manhattan Casino): "Swing was years in the future, but Louis was certainly swinging them on numbers like 'Shanghai Shuffle.' I don't think anything before or since made such an impression on me as that band, and I think it decided for me what I was going to do with my life."

Following the memorable days with Earl Hines at the Sunset Café in Chicago (1927-28), of which the great pianist has said, "Some of the happiest days of my career, and some of my biggest thrills, were with Louis Armstrong," came his emergence, mostly through the great records of the new "microphone" period, as a force far from where he could be heard in person.

"We played all Louis Armstrong's things note for note," Cat Anderson recalled. "In school, all the trumpet players played 'Shine' and made a hundred Cs with the F on top."

"Louis was my only influence," Dud Bascomb declared, "and I never forgot hearing the whole Earl Hines trumpet section play his 'Chinatown' in four-part harmony."

"Louis Armstrong used to come to the Palace ballroom in my hometown," Snooky Young said, "but I wasn't old enough to be allowed inside. I used to stand in the street—and even the street would be crowded—and Louis would be playing the most beautiful trumpet I ever heard. He was my main influence."

"Down South, I used to listen to Louis Armstrong on the radio, playing with Fletcher Henderson from the Roseland ballroom," Cootie Williams remembered. "'Boy,' I used to say to myself, 'if only I could get to New York and hear *him*.'" Eventually, Williams reached the big city. "When the band played the Savoy, I'd walk backward and forward to work with him. I was in my glory!" More than four decades later, in 1970, when Duke Ellington wrote "A Portrait of Louis" for his *New Orleans Suite*, Williams was delighted to be called upon to interpret it. Ellington's own verbal appraisal of Armstrong's influence is also of unusual interest. Says the Duke: "Louis Armstrong is, of course, the *man* who, when heard playing trumpet, inspired thousands of people to try to play like him, to play the Louis Armstrong style. Hundreds of thousands more were simply inspired to play the same instrument he played. And who knows how many millions just loved to listen to him? Louis Armstrong is what I call an American standard, an American original."

As the greatest single influence on jazz, Armstrong provided it with a vocabulary that was paramount until the bop revolution of the Forties brought changes. This vocabulary, along with his phraseology, was used not merely by trumpet players but *all*

STANLEY DANCE is a well-known authority on jazz and a regular contributor to *SR*.

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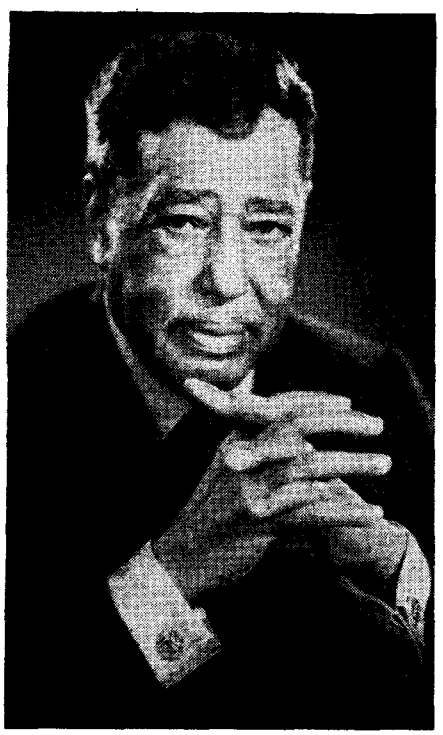
jazz instrumentalists. "Louis Armstrong was my first inspiration," violinist Stuff Smith insisted. "I was supposed to be practicing classics, but I'd get my little Victrola, go into the woodshed, and listen to Louis and practice Louis."

"When Johnny Hodges and I were young," baritone saxophonist Harry Carney recalled, "we used to copy off records by Louis Armstrong." Vic Dickenson, the trombonist, got the message a different way. "Jimmy Harrison and Jack Teagarden both sounded like Louis Armstrong," he affirmed, "and they influenced me because they were playing the way I wanted to play before I heard them."

For a summation at this point, it is hard to top what pianist Teddy Wilson told Tom Scanlan in *Down Beat* eleven years ago: "I think Louis Armstrong



Duke Ellington — "Louis Armstrong is what I call an American standard, an American original."

is the greatest jazz musician that's ever been. He had a combination of all the factors that make a good musician. He had balance . . . this most of all. Tone. Harmonic sense. Excitement. Technical skill. Originality. Every musician, no matter how good, usually has something out of balance, be it tone, too much imitativeness, or whatever. But in Armstrong, everything was in balance."

Armstrong's singing was essentially an extension of the way he played trumpet, and the two together had a remarkable effect on popular singers. Previously, there had been a tendency for their phrasing to follow that of saccharine saxophone players, but in the Thirties his trumpet phraseology began to appear in wholly unexpected areas. In jazz itself there was direct imitation by trumpet players doubling as vocalists, such as Walter Fuller, Taft Jordan, and Ray Nance, but singers like Ethel Waters and Ella Fitzgerald also paid affectionate homage in choruses where they simulated his throaty vibrato. "He influenced us all," Tony Bennett said recently, "and taught everybody about phrasing." And language was no barrier. "I heard Louis Armstrong, whom I loved, when I was only eleven," said the Swedish soprano Alice Babs. Behind the Iron Curtain, or in the Congo, wherever he went, his message communicated heart to heart.

His first trip abroad had been to England in 1932, where he was received with great enthusiasm at the London Palladium, and from that time onward his international reputation spread until foreign tours became a regular part of his itinerary. As a world figure, beloved by the masses, he made many best-selling records. After the Decca period, about which Milt Gabler writes elsewhere, "Mack the Knife," "Hello, Dolly!" and "What a Wonderful World!" were yet to come, the last being a bigger hit abroad than in his own country. When Paul Anka, who also had a big success with "Mack the Knife," asked Louis how he felt about impersonators, he got a characteristic answer: "Pops, a lot of cats has copied the *Mona Lisa*, but people still line up to dig the original."

The big band, which had become obligatory during the Swing Era, was given up in 1947, when Armstrong returned to the traditional six-piece instrumentation of New Orleans. With clarinetists such as Barney Bigard, Edmond Hall, and Buster Bailey; trombonists such as Jack Teagarden, Trummy Young, and Tyree Glenn; and pianists such as Earl Hines and Billy Kyle, his presentation was at once more relaxed and informal. However, the postwar breed of critics, who favored "intellectuality" and a new "relevancy" in jazz, often found fault with its entertainment values. They missed what those playing alongside him heard.

"Louis doesn't care about being a guy you can put in a book," Trummy Young said. "He just likes to play what he likes to play, and he picks up his horn every day. It's amazing to me the beauty he can put into those numbers night after night. Nobody, but nobody, sounds like him. His sound is so big and clear. I watch him blowing, and studying him I've learned plenty about sound."

Louis still blows his horn every day, in the evening, before dinner. Recuperating from a serious illness, he awaits with obvious impatience his doctor's permission to blow again in public. But sing he may, and does. When he recorded an album for Bob Thiele's Flying Dutchman label in May, his zest and humor were as infectious as ever.

"There's a couple of high Es there," he said when confronted with "Mood Indigo," "but we can probably squeeze 'em out." And as he finished a moving version of the number, he added, "Sure is a lot of gumbo in that one!"

His ability to ad-lib creatively was also well in evidence on such material new to his repertoire as "His Father Wore Long Hair," "We Shall Overcome," and the Beatles' "Give Peace a Chance." So was his professionalism. After the fourth take of "My One and Only Love," Thiele expressed satisfaction from the control booth, but Louis, without turning around, pointed his index finger upward to indicate that he wanted to do it one more time.

The first session anticipated his birthday on July 4 with a party at which he advanced threateningly toward a big chocolate cake, brandishing a long knife like a pirate, but managing to avoid damage to the trumpet in yellow icing that adorned it. Around him was gathered an unusual cross section of the profession, the many guests including Bobby Hackett (probably his greatest admirer), Miles Davis, Tony Bennett, Leon Thomas, Eddie Condon, Ornette Coleman, George Wein, and Father Norman O'Connor.

It was a prelude to the celebrations of his seventieth birthday planned for this month. On the night of the third, he will be present at a huge concert, billed as "Hello, Louis!" in the Los Angeles Shrine Auditorium, the proceeds going to a fund for a statue to be erected in his honor in New Orleans (the city has already provided an attractive site). Among the many musicians set to participate in the concert are Barney Bigard, Tyree Glenn, Benny Carter, and Clark Terry.

A week later, at Newport, there is to be a special "New Orleans Salute to Louis Armstrong," when many famous New Orleans veterans will make their first appearance at the annual Rhode Island jazz festival. Also on hand to greet him will be Mahalia Jackson, who was born in the same city, and such trumpet players as Bobby Hackett, Ray Nance, Dizzy Gillespie, Wild Bill Davison, Jimmy Owens, and Joe Newman.

Meanwhile, New York, not to be left out of the celebrations, has appointed him and Lauren Bacall host and hostess, respectively, of its 1970 Summer Festival. With Louis Armstrong in charge, Fun City should swing this year, and live up to its nickname.

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The Father and His Flock

by BUD FREEMAN
in conversation with Irving Kolodin

The scene is a room stocked with books, records, and memories.

KOLODIN: You've known Louie a long time, haven't you, Bud?

FREEMAN: Oh, yes—I was about seventeen when I first heard the great Louie, and I'm sixty-four now, so it must have been 1923, or thereabouts. . . . It was even before I began to play professionally that the great drummer, and our good friend, Davie Tough, told me about this great band—the greatest he had heard—at the Lincoln Gardens . . . up to that time [1923] the big influence was the New Orleans Rhythm Kings and other white bands around. . . .

KOLODIN: The Lincoln Gardens was on the South Side. . . .

FREEMAN: Yes—in the Negro district of Chicago. . . . Now here was this tremendous hall-like nightclub . . . the only light was over the bandstand, dimmed by smoke and haze. Being a Negro nightclub, this made us rather conspicuous . . . but, interestingly enough, they paid no attention to us . . . but after a few visits this huge doorman (he must have weighed three hundred pounds) used to greet us by saying, "Well, it looks like the little white boys is out here to get your music lessons," which would just break us up. So the first time I heard Louie was in the King Oliver band, with Lil Hardin, who was later to marry Louie, on piano; Honoré Dutrey, I think, on trombone; Johnny St. Cyr on, then, banjo—guitar came later; Johnny Dodds on clarinet; and Baby Dodds on drums. . . . Now the thing I remember about it is this. The Negro bands we had heard and those that had made records didn't seem to be much different from the white bands. They didn't have what I would call the real jazz beat. . . . But in this band we first heard what was later recognized as the *real* jazz beat.

KOLODIN: This was music played for dancing, right?

FREEMAN: Right. They'd take a stock arrangement [Note: for sale in any music store], play it from the top right down to the bottom, and then start playing choruses. . . . They might take twenty minutes to play one tune . . . and the couples were moving around but not much. . . . They had a floor manager who'd say, "Come on, now, get off that dime—move around, now," and it was a picture of rhythm such as I had never seen. . . . They played all the great tunes—"Dippermouth," "St. Louis Blues," and so on—with Louie on second cornet. . . .

KOLODIN: Not trumpet?

FREEMAN: No, that came later—second cornet . . . and I never heard any music so strong, so forceful, as regards swing, of course.

KOLODIN: So this band did swing. . . .

FREEMAN: Oh, yes. . . . The word wasn't used then, but we'd say it was "the beat" or they "had the rhythm"—but it meant the same thing. . . .

KOLODIN: This beat, or swing—it was not a property of general Negro bands?

FREEMAN: No. I feel certain that having heard all the top music then available, that this was by far the best—and, as you know, every member of the band went on to be a top soloist on his own. . . . But to get back to Louie. . . . King, who played a great melodic cornet (his blues could bring tears to your eyes), kind of held Louis down—not that he suppressed him, but because, as I say, Oliver was the great King and felt Louie should bide his time. . . . But if you listen to any of the records of the great New Orleans parade tunes they made, you hear breaks played in which Louie, then about twenty-three, plays a perfect second to King's lead—none of it rehearsed, all testifying to Louie's magnificent ear. . . . But the first time I heard Louie as the great soloist was at a place called the Sunset Café. . . .

KOLODIN: That was later on. . . .

FREEMAN: Yes, of course . . . in the meantime, he had gone to New York with a fine offer from Fletcher Henderson, who thought he was ready for New York, and he came, in his button shoes and little cap, looking like a country hick. . . . Fletcher knew that Louie had this great talent and just let him alone until he felt comfortable. Then, one night, he let him go, and that was IT—he owned the band. . . . They had never heard anything like it. Incidentally, the great Coleman Hawkins was in this band, and if you listen carefully to some of the records of that time, you will have to agree that, until he heard Louie, Hawkins was kind of corny. . . . He didn't become the great Hawk until after he heard Louis . . . and started to play a beautiful melodic line and phrase. I would like to add that Hawkins became certainly the greatest tenor player I ever heard. I loved Lester Young and many others, but Hawkins was certainly the most powerful, authoritative voice on the instrument that I ever heard. . . . But to say that he was influenced by Louis is merely to say that almost everybody was influenced by Louie . . . and that, with all due respect to the other greats I have heard and admired—Bix, Jimmy Noone on clarinet, the great James P. Johnson and "Fats" [Waller] on piano, not to mention the marvelous things that Ellington has done—Louie has to be recognized as the greatest, the father of American jazz music. . . . I think that everything you hear today, even in Dizzie's playing and Miles Davis's, you will hear something of Louie. . . .

KOLODIN: That's especially interesting for me to hear you say. . . . I had an idea of calling Armstrong, in the context of this seventieth anniversary, "The man who invented jazz . . ." but that seemed a small measure of exaggeration. . . .

FREEMAN: Excuse me, Irving, but I don't think so—and I'll tell you why it is not even a small measure of exaggeration. When you say "invented jazz," you must remember that a few years before there wasn't any jazz; there was a thing we called ragtime. . . . Players who didn't have a feeling for jazz would take a series of eighth notes and play them dotted, like da-ta, da-ta, da-ta, ta. . . . Whereas Louie, out of his New Orleans background, or the riverboats, or sheer instinct, would take the same group of notes and give them a beautiful, graceful, powerful

—Charlie Peterson

Freeman (left) with Armstrong in a dressing room of New York's Paramount Theater (1937); others are (rear) George "Pops" Foster, Eddie Condon, Henry "Red" Allen, (front) Tommy Dorsey, George Wettling.

BUD FREEMAN has long been regarded as a top performer on the tenor saxophone.

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line of playing. . . . For instance, if I may use an example, like "Struttin' with Some Barbecue," which he made up and first began to play around 1927. . . . ladedadada da-do-deet-deet-doo. . . . There was always a drive to the playing, never the corny type of phrasing others were using; I am sure you will appreciate the difference. . . .

KOLODIN: The one strikes me as a mechanical division of the metric values into uneven figures, but with the accent always in the same place, whereas with Armstrong, there was always an element of surprise. . . .

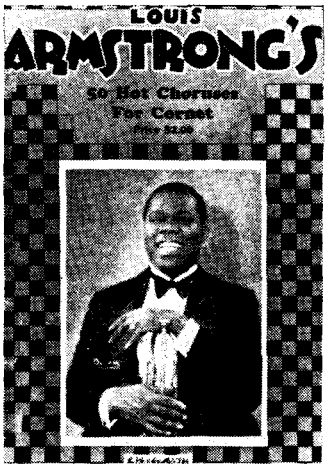
FREEMAN: Well said—but whenever I am asked to explain what jazz is, I am reminded of what Louie himself said on such an occasion: "If you have to ask, you'll never know." How true and honest. It's like looking at a great painting and asking what it means.

KOLODIN: How about the Sunset period?

FREEMAN: It came along at this time, when Louie decided to leave Fletcher. . . . He knew he couldn't make a living in New Orleans, and Lil, his wife, was in Chicago, so he came back, to join a band led by . . . Carroll . . . some—Carroll Dickerson was his name, a fine violinist . . . and he finally persuaded Earl Hines, who was at a place called the Elite Gardens, to join him . . . and I remember the first night they worked together. Earl on piano began, and Louie was sitting there, rockin' back and forth, hardly able to wait his turn, because Earl, whose beat was something all *his* own, inspired him. . . . The Sunset, which was managed by Joe Glaser, who became Louie's great friend and adviser and manager for decades, had a floor show—for which Louie, as a member of the band, had to play—and this I think was responsible for a change in his style. . . . He was now playing trumpet, working with acts like Brown and McGraw, a fabulous dance team; Rector and Cooper, another pair of great dancers —and when Buck and Bubbles would play the Palace downtown, they would come in and double at the Sunset. . . . Louie began to develop a high range nobody had ever heard in Chicago. . . .

KOLODIN: Some say he got the idea from B. A. Rolfe, whom he had heard in New York.

FREEMAN: I doubt it very much. Louie's way was all his own. One occasion he hit a high F in a place so unexpected the whole band just about lost their minds . . . because, with Louie, high notes were never for show or to display technique but part of a melodic design, which is why they had such tremendous impact—they always *meant* something. . . . Then, when he and Earl got so big, they each had to go their



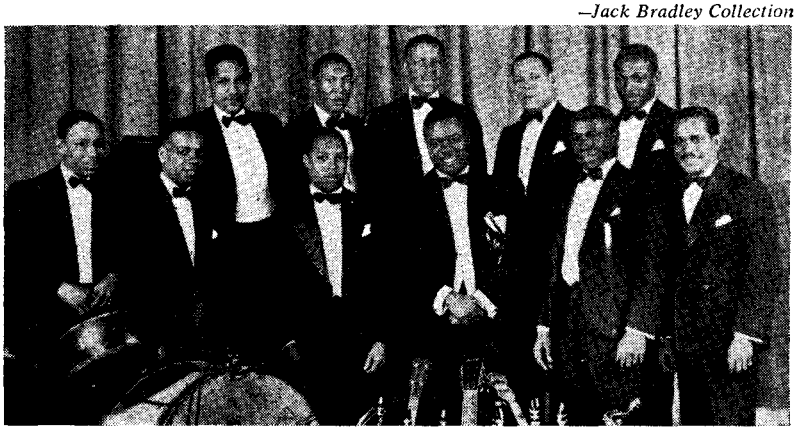
—Courtesy Gene Kramer

The young Louie (at left) makes his debut with a Melrose publication of 1926.

Below: Louis Armstrong and His Stompers—Left to right: Joe Walker, Tubby Hall, Louis Armstrong, Honoré Dutrey, Al Washington, Earl Hines, Bill Wilson, Boyd Atkins, Willard Hamby, Peter Briggs, Arthur Bassett. Sunset Café, Chicago, Ill. (1927).

Middle: Luis Russell's Saratoga Club Orchestra (fronted by Armstrong)—Left to right: (back row) Otis Johnson, Pops Foster, Henry Allen, Jr., Will Johnson, J. C. Higginbotham, (front row) Teddy Hill, Paul Barbarin, Charlie Holmes, Louis Armstrong, Luis Russell, Albert Nicholas (1930).

—Jack Bradley Collection



—Jack Bradley Collection

Below: Louie returns (c. 1931) to the old (Waifs') home in New Orleans. At his right, Peter Davis, who taught him his instrument; at his left, Captain Jones, head of the institution. The ladies are (extreme left) Mrs. Jones and (extreme right) Mrs. (Lil) Armstrong.

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—Jack Bradley Collection

A scene from the film "Dr. Rhythm" (1938), starring Bing Crosby with Armstrong.

—Jack Bradley Collection

Louie with Jack Teagarden, a member of the small band with which he toured in the late 1940s.

A TV commercial of the 1960s, on behalf of a doll manufacturer.

own ways, Louie to New York and Earl to the Grand Terrace in Chicago, where he had the band for many years. It was the start of something new all over. Louie had just made those marvelous records, "Blue Turning Grey Over You," "I Can't Give You Anything But Love," . . . and I had come on from Chicago with Ben Pollack's band, and I used to hear Louie a lot at Connie's Inn. . . .

KOLODIN: Wasn't this just about the time Louie went into a show called *Hot Chocolates,* in which there came a moment when he sang "Ain't Misbehavin'" by Fats Waller?

FREEMAN: Oh, absolutely . . . and I was going to refer to it sometime, but now that you brought it up, I would add that this introduced a whole new dimension of Louie's talent . . .

KOLODIN: and influence. . . .

FREEMAN: Of course—any outstanding singer you can think of, from Ethel Waters and Ella and Billie Holiday, even Bing . . . owes an enormous debt to Louie, whether in the phrasing or the attack, or in the scat, as they called it, singing he invented using syllables rather than words. . . . Then after New York and Connie's Inn, Louie went out to California for quite a time, and when he came back to Chicago, it was a great homecoming, in My Cellar—as the place was called—and again it was a whole new thing—at the top of the horn—not just for an effect, but as a regular thing . . . with this went something else—economy . . . he had to have perfect time in his whole body to play, when the tempo was real fast, in half time—as in "Swing That Music"—which recalls something Mezz Mezzrow told me. Louie was playing at a Harlem theater, and Mezz was visiting with him in the wings, where Louie was warming up to go on. . . . By accident, Mezz put his hand on Louie's back, and it was like he touched a live electric wire—his whole body vibrated when he played. . . .

KOLODIN: As time went on, Louie was seen much more in personal appearances, so called, in theaters—for which some people put him down—but which, for all the sums of money he earned, were really expressive of the fact that Louie had so many facets to his talent that they just couldn't be exposed through jazz alone. . . .

FREEMAN: So right. . . . He was a great entertainer, one of the greatest—which brings to mind, too, that Louie didn't play only jazz; he played all the fine classical melodies we knew, the operatic arias, the symphony selections—which recalls an anecdote in which I had a personal part. Louie was now playing at the Savoy Ballroom, an elegant place on the South Side, in a Carroll Dickerson band, and because he wasn't too well known yet, they had the McKinney's Cotton Pickers, a fine band, and very popular, to share the draw. . . . It had Benny Carter and many other fine players. . . . So the McKinney's Cotton Pickers did an hour's set for dancing, and just broke it up. Now they were finished, and I was standing with Benny, an old, good friend, and the Dickerson band came on easy and slow, comfortable—and then Louie got up and played a fabulous arrangement of "Liebestraum"—unimaginably beautiful—and drove everybody wild. Now it was the turn of the Cotton Pickers again, and Benny turned to me, and said: "Bud, what is left for us to play?"

KOLODIN: And now we come to the last important point. . . . How about you as a player . . . and Louie?

FREEMAN: Well, when Louie played at the Sunset for the first time, which would be around 1926-27, he would be delighted to have us sit in. I had a lot of nerve doing it, but we were nervier when we were kids . . . but I will never forget the thrill of sitting in with this godlike man. . . . Then, I remember, in 1928 I made an Okeh record of "Can't Help Lovin' That Man" and "Crazeology" . . . and to my ear today, it's ALL Armstrong. I put in everything I could remember he played . . . but as time went on, now having played forty-six years, something has rubbed off onto my playing, and I hope it is my own—something of Fats and Bix and Earl and all the others I admired . . . the great drummers, Davie and Baby Dodds. . . . I heard Bix before Louie, and also King Oliver, but in my mind it all *begins* with Louie. . . . I think the tenor players who swing, who play the kind of music I like, all derive from Louie . . . Lester Young, one of the truly great tenor players, *had* to be influenced by Louie, you can hear it in the beat. Ben Webster, like Hawkins, I hear it in their playing, it's all there. . . .

KOLODIN: And Hampton, who played with him in California, on vibes?

FREEMAN: Lionel, definitely. . . . Now, it is sad to me today to encounter people who never knew the great Louie, what he did, what he stands for. . . . If you go back to the early records, you realize that here is a man who did more for this kind of music than any man who ever lived. Some people put him down as an entertainer, but to me, Louie swings more telling a joke than most others do playing a horn. And if Louie is to play again, I think we will hear a whole new Louie again, because there is no end to his being creative. . . . And if he doesn't play the horn, he will still sing the horn, because he IS the horn. Louie will go on forever, he will never be forgotten, because he is *the* master of this kind of music. . . .

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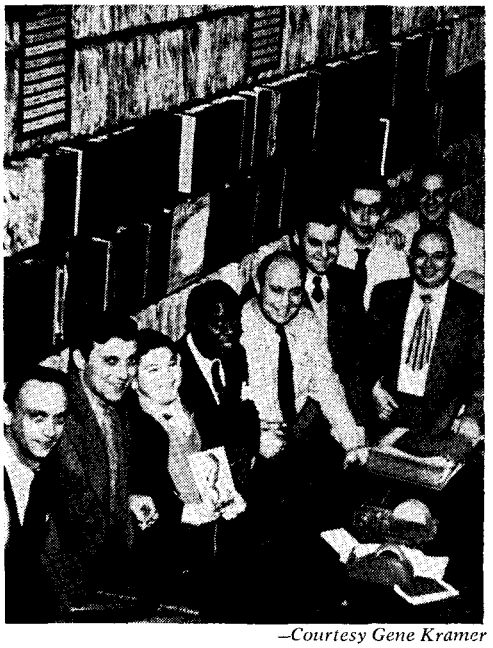
My Thousand-Year Man

by MILT GABLER

"Louie," "Pops," "Satchmo," "Face," "Gate," "Daddy," all of these words mean only one person: Louis Armstrong, my man, my thousand-year man. There is an expression among musicians that Jonah Jones taught me. When you can count on a friend, you can measure his worth by the span of years you have known and trusted him. A twenty-year man is real good. To Jonah, I was a hundred-year man. This was very flattering, because you cannot hope to do much better than that. Well, Louis Armstrong is my thousand-year man. That's the way it is, period.

Some people represent different things to different people, but "Louie" means the same the world over. He speaks a universal language, his name is like "sterling" on silver. He was the fountain, the source, and the inspiration for millions of people, a lot of them not musicians. Many of them, like myself, were just in love with what he did and does. The sight and sound of him just gladden your heart.



—Courtesy Gene Kramer

Milt Gabler (1947), founder of the famous Commodore Music Shop at 136 East 42nd Street, greets Louie at an autographing session on behalf of Robert Goffin's "Horn of Plenty." Arrayed around Armstrong and Gabler are members of the store's staff: Jack Crystal, Danny Gabler, unidentified fan, Barney Gabler, and Lou Blum (unidentified fans at rear).

I first heard Louie on a record in the late Twenties. I still remember the record. It was "Heebie Jeebies," and the back was "Muskrat Ramble." I also remember the number. It was Okeh 8300. It was a revelation. I had never heard a horn like that.

I finally met Louie in the middle Thirties; it was backstage in his dressing room at Loew's State Theater in New York. My good friend, George Wettling introduced us. All of the Chicagoans had known him from the King Oliver-Sunset Café days, and Louie was just as friendly and as nice as he is today, not just to me, to everyone. At that point in my life I was selling records retail at my Commodore Music Shop and having the time of my life trying to pay bills while specializing in jazz. The big problem was trying to get stock from the manufacturers on such a ridiculous commodity. I was my own best customer.

His music was bought by male and female, black and white, red and yellow, and every shade in between. Musicians (of course), politicos, royalty, stage and screen stars, writers, doctors, lawyers, Indian chiefs, students, professors, dancers, clerks, cabbies, cops, call-girls, and more musicians.

Don't get the idea that the King can do no wrong. In 1944, when I got my first assignment to record Louis (I must get dignified and put the 's' on Pops's name), I broke down and cried. Wow! I was going to record God. I was young and didn't realize Louis was human and not a superman. It was World War II time, and the Armstrong orchestra had been playing Army camps. They arrived by bus after many one-nighters, with no adequate rest. The sidemen were knocked out and in no shape for recording. Pops looked fine, but then he always does. Teddy McRae was putting the band through its paces. I was in the booth trying to get a band balance, and praying. To myself I said, "What the hell does he need the big road band for? Why does Louis have to travel with an outfit like this? Boy, if I only had Condon and Zutty and Pee Wee and Brunis and Sullivan or Stacy, I could make history." Then I would console myself and blame the war for taking all the good sidemen. Well, I'd try to make it work for Pops's sake. I wouldn't dog it. We worked three hours and made three sides that I wouldn't approve for release (one was later released in the Decca Jazz Heritage series). I was a broken man. I cried.

I am not the only man who has cried at an Armstrong session. Louis can make strong men cry. That is the way we feel about him. A remarkable man in our business, and a creative genius in his own right, is Gordon Jenkins. The conception of "Blueberry Hill" in 1949 was Gordon's idea. Three things happened on that session. First, Gordon cried. We had the full Jenkins orchestra and about thirteen singers to accompany Louis. When Louis records, the side men and singers fight to get on the sessions. Actually, I would bet that most of them would play the date for zero if the American Federation of Musicians would allow it. Well, Gordon is like I am when it comes to Louis. When everyone was seated, he got up on the little conductor's podium, tapped his stand for attention, and started his speech about how he had loved Louis Armstrong and been inspired by him, and how this moment was the greatest in his life and could never be surp—, and he broke down and cried with tears of joy, his heart was that full.

Now, we come to the actual recording of "Blueberry Hill" and two other unforgettable incidents. In the second chorus of the song, Gordon had written special patter for Louis to sing against the regular lyrics while it was being immortalized by his chorus of singers. Louis was to sing "Higher than the moon we'll go, then to a saloon we'll go" (a typical Jenkins couplet). Gordon had the right idea. Today, I wish I had kept his line, but at that time I was afraid of censorship. I had him change the line to "To a wedding in June we'll go." He protested, but went along with my stupid line. Now every time I hear the record, I think of Gordon's original phrase, and I die.

Situation three on "Blueberry Hill" was the sort of decision I hope I shall never have to make again. I decided to have an Armstrong-type, muted-trumpet obbligato behind Louis while he was singing in the first chorus, as if Louis were playing and backing up his own voice. In the trumpet section we had Yank Lawson and Billy Butterfield, both of whom loved Louis more than themselves. I called Gordon into the booth and told him what I wanted to do, but I wanted him to choose either Yank or Billy, as I liked them equally and did not want to show any preference. Gordon was the leader and he should decide. He refused. I did not want an Alphonse and Gaston situation (this causes overtime); so we explained

MILT GABLER has had extensive experience both as a retailer of records and as an A&R man for Decca.

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our dilemma to the two boys, tossed a coin, and Butterfield won. It is not "Satch" you hear behind Louis on "Blueberry Hill" but the ecstatic Billy Butterfield. This is how great records are born.

I remember another incident on an Armstrong session with Gordon Jenkins. We were all set in 1954 to do the special version of "The Whiffenpoof Song" and three other tunes up at our Pythian Temple studio in New York. It was to be a normal three-hour call, and the usual large orchestra and chorus were there on time, but no Louis Armstrong. Louis had never been late before; so we started to rehearse the orchestra and chorus. We finished with the first song, and still no Louis; so we went through the other three selections as well. Of course, I phoned Joe Glaser, but he was out. His staff told me that Louis knew about the session, but he had had an early dentist appointment prior to the recordings. Two-and-a-half hours late, Louis got to the studio, full of remorse and also with his jaws full of novocain. He could hardly talk. I asked Louis if he could work the next day. Pops had other commitments.

I told Gordon to start running the songs down with Louis. Maybe his jaws would loosen up. We made a playback, and someone said, "Listen to Pops's voice. It sounds like he has a cold." I said, "I've been listening to Louis all my life and he always sounds like he has a cold. That's his style!" How can anyone tell when Louis has a cold? P.S. —We finished the four sides with only an hour overtime.

The greatest project I ever did with Louis was his musical autobiography. It was a thrill re-creating so many of the great sides he made before he was on Decca. Bob Haggart and Sy Oliver were absolutely fabulous to work with. They knew the old Louis sides as well as myself. I knew that the critics and fans would compare them to the originals and most likely rap the new even if they were good.

However, Louis was beautiful, and it is amazing how the flame was rekindled. Sy Oliver would generally notate the trumpet line on Louis's part and write in a message to the effect, "Something like this. Go for yourself." Louis insisted on making it as Sy had taken it from the old record, saying, "Is that what I played? I don't want people to think I can't read." Believe me, Louis reads music. Not as fast as you have to play on the *Tonight Show* if you're in the brass department, but Louis is still the boss, and he made the notes those boys are playing now, a very long time ago. Ask Doc Severinsen, and I'll bet a Beatles LP that he, too, says, "My man, my thousand-year man."

THE MAN WHO REVOLUTIONIZED JAZZ—IV

Trumpet Fanfare

by JACK BRADLEY
in a discussion of Louis Armstrong with three trumpet players—Billy Butterfield, Ray Nance, and Clark Terry.

BRADLEY: Ray, were you playing trumpet before you heard Louis?

NANCE: No, the first time I heard him was on records about 1927. The guy who had the Met Record Shop near the Metropolitan Theatre in Chicago used to play all his records.

TERRY: You had an advantage over us, since you were around Chicago.

NANCE: Right, I was living about half a block from where he was playing.

TERRY: Thirty-fifth Street, wasn't it?

NANCE: Yes, and then he came and played at the Vendome. After that he was at the Met with Erskine Tate, but when I first saw him in person, he was at the Savoy, which had just been built. They used to have what they called Collegiate Night every Friday, and the first two bands there were Clarence Black's and Carroll Dickerson's. I remember he was featured on "Tiger Rag." He used to play those choruses and make one hundred high Cs. A cat in the wings was counting them. When Louis got to ninety-nine, he'd hit C and rattle it—eeeEE! By then, the people were hardly able to control themselves. They'd be right with him. Then he'd rear back, roll his eyes, take a breath, and hit that note—bam! The whole place would be in pandemonium. I'm telling you, that was the greatest thrill I've ever had in my whole life.

BRADLEY: Among other things, Louis was famous for his range, tone, and technique. Which of these impressed you most?

TERRY: Actually, I was so fully inspired by him that I couldn't pinpoint just any one thing. When I first heard him, it made me say to myself, "Wow, whatever instrument that man's playing—I want one of *them*!"

NANCE: Well, there's no doubt Louis is the leading exponent of jazz trumpet playing. I think he's had the greatest influence on jazz. I think he and Ellington are our two greatest pioneers, and between them they really established jazz music as we have come to know it.

TERRY: In tracing jazz down to today, I think you'll find tinges of Pops in any successful jazz player.

BUTTERFIELD: In arrangers, too. All the arrangers were influenced by him.

BRADLEY: How about songwriters?

TERRY: You can hear it every day. He leads in all facets of jazz—selling a song, singing a song, playing a trumpet, establishing a rapport between audience and band, showmanship. . . . And it had to rub off on anybody who was interested in carrying on in the tradition. As I said before, you can find traces of Pops in even the most avant-garde cats.

BRADLEY: Even if they don't know it!

TERRY: Yes, even if they don't know it or care to admit it.

BUTTERFIELD: He doesn't have to play or even sing on these TV shows he's doing now. He can just sit down and talk to the people.

TERRY: Yes, talk about his life and his experiences.

BUTTERFIELD: Ambassador Satch! I think that describes him very truly.

TERRY: The world's and America's greatest!

BUTTERFIELD: He went places nobody else could go.

TERRY: Places where politicians don't dare show their faces right now.

BRADLEY: Do you think he might not have made it as big as he did if it hadn't been for the element of showmanship in his presentation?

TERRY: I wouldn't say that. Pops is such a warm cat, man. He can just smile and turn everybody on. Every-

(*Continued on page* 51)

—*Jack Bradley*

Trumpet trio—Clark Terry, Ray Nance, and Billy Butterfield.

JACK BRADLEY, as well as being an outstanding photographer, is a jazz enthusiast and past president of the New York Hot Jazz Society, Inc.

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The Higher Patriotism

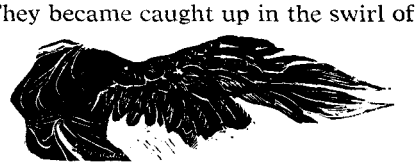
The man most intimately connected with the document being memorialized on July Fourth is Thomas Jefferson. How might Jefferson, primary author of the Declaration of Independence, react to the various activities that come under the heading of Independence Day celebrations?

It is likely that Jefferson's first reaction would be one of astonishment. He would find it difficult to believe that so many Americans should be so confused about the event being celebrated. He would observe that most of the oratory mistakenly extols the independence of a new nation. He would find it necessary to remind people that the Declaration of Independence did not give birth to the United States. That event came more than a decade later. The Declaration represented the new freedom not of a nation but of people—people who belonged to thirteen sovereign governments, each with its own flag, its own foreign policy, its own currency, its own institutions. Moreover, most of the men then at the head of these governments had no intention of merging into a single government.

Equally astonishing to Jefferson would be the failure of many Americans to comprehend the extent to which the American Revolution was primarily not a political but a philosophical event. The ideas in the Declaration of Independence were directed not just to separation from a geographically distant monarchy but to revolutionary concepts of human life, of man's place in the world, of his role as controller rather than as a subject of governments.

Few things would be more surprising to Jefferson than the absence in the United States of any general awareness of the meaning of natural law. Just in the act of being born, man has rights that the state has to regard as inviolate. The principal reason for the state's existence, in fact, is to guarantee these natural rights, which are concerned with the dignities of life. The right to mount effective protest against government is central to all other rights. The concept of natural rights was not born in America; it has had a long and arduous history. It owes a great deal to the physiocrats in France and to the Jesuits who had returned from China many years earlier.

There was something about government, Jefferson believed, that almost automatically pulled it away from its duty to protect the natural rights of its citizens and moved it toward a preoccupation with power and the problems of self-perpetuation. Left to itself, government gravitated to empty patriotism and tyranny. That was why he believed that "the tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants. It is its natural manure." He felt that even the best men, once in government, were affected by the gravitational pull. They became caught up in the swirl of officialdom; they became impatient and annoyed over criticisms, just or unjust. They found it difficult to resist reaching for greater power to deal with the annoyances or frustrations. They became willful and detached.



Jefferson probably would have something to say about patriotism in contemporary American society. He would note that many of the current appeals to patriotism invoke the names of the American Founding Fathers. And so he would point out that these men were not limited in their philosophies or their allegiances. They were first of all universalists, concerned with the human condition and the prospects for its infinite development and advancement. They saw America as a natural habitat for the pursuit of these prospects. Declarations of world citizenship by men such as Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Paine were not regarded as inconsistent with citizenship in their own states but as the finest expression of it.

It was not easy, even for men of these dimensions, to join the people of the thirteen states under a single, cohesive government. Some citizens of New York denounced as subversive the efforts to create a common sovereignty with the citizens of New Jersey and the other states. The citizens of Connecticut and Massachusetts found it difficult to imagine that the cultural and historical differences between the two states could be accommodated in a single design. "How is it possible," a Virginia legislator demanded, "to assert allegiance to two flags? I will have no flag over the flag of Virginia." Some citizens of Rhode Island regarded the proposed adoption of a single monetary standard as mongrelization of their currency.

James Madison and Alexander Hamilton, among others, recognized the need for enlarging allegiances in order to prevent a disastrous breakdown in the relationships among the states. The task they set for themselves—a union of the whole—was considered to be little short of impossible. But they were students of history who had confidence in the power of the right words to move enough people to do those things that were in the human interest. And they continued to use those words until a new momentum of sanity and necessity was created.

There is need today, as there was at that time, for the unifying and universalizing ideas. But it is the world, and not just a nation, that is now the arena which needs to be shaped and protected. We can do no greater honor to the Founding Fathers than to see the validity of their words on a world stage. Patriotism, to be truly American, begins with the human allegiance.

—N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Correcting the Image

I WAS SURPRISED and touched to find the sympathetic portrait of my late father on *SR*'s cover and to read Wolf Von Eckardt's fine summary of his concern for the biological and social implications of our proliferating man-made environment in "Richard Neutra—Survival Through Design" [*SR*, June 6].

I was intrigued by Von Eckardt's anecdote of his first meeting with my father, whom he recalls as dressed in a black cape and a porkpie hat apparently trying to communicate that he alone was carrying on the tradition of Frank Lloyd Wright. The story is so dramatic that it will probably persist, as do all tantalizing apocrypha. Von Eckardt has no doubt accurately reported his very first *impression* of my father; but what my father was *actually* wearing was most likely his own beloved floppy gray Italian hat—which was forgotten in a car for the umpteenth and last time some years ago. He never did own any capes or porkpie hats. At home and in public he never spoke of himself as a successor to Wright, although he dedicated his last book to him in respect for Wright's dramatic use of the natural environment and in gratitude for the hospitality Wright showed my parents almost fifty years ago.

As Von Eckardt points out, my father considered Wright a great master who had completely explored his own idiom. Wright was not a steppingstone to further development.

For these reasons I am sure that my father never paraded around the 1959 AIA convention dressed like Frank Lloyd Wright. It is just completely out of character. As an epidemiologist, I shall watch with great interest to see if this bit of apocrypha is "transmitted" by subsequent architecture historians. I predict they will be highly susceptible.

RAYMOND NEUTRA, M.D.,
Boston, Mass.

Fragmentary Evidence

ROBERT LOUIS SHAYON in "Blowup" [TV-RADIO, June 6] made some cogent comments on the threat of censorship involved in the Pentagon's request for CBS films of the stabbing of the wounded North Vietnamese soldier. I have one reservation about an assumption made by Mr. Shayon and by CBS, which is that the stabbing of a wounded soldier is a heinous and unpardonable crime in every case, and that this isolated incident deserves nationwide TV exposure as proof positive of the excessive cruelty of the South Vietnamese.

Here is a case where one picture, or a brief film clip, is used to make a statement of "fact" that is supposed to lead the viewer to an inevitable conclusion. What is not obvious to most viewers is that the film clip does represent editorializing, either accidental or intentional. It is editorializing, because it does not present all of the relevant facts. It does not present other photographs which, in a court of law, might be used to prove extenuating circumstances.

No wartime incident can be entirely removed from the total context of the war in which it has taken place. The way a soldier treats an enemy soldier in the heat of battle cannot be compared exactly with the way we would expect him to treat an injured pedestrian in a small town where there is little likelihood that the "injured" pedestrian will suddenly rise up and become a mugger. I am not condoning excessive cruelty or brutality in wartime, but war is by nature a rather nasty business; it is unrealistic to expect exactly the same ethical standards to apply on the battlefield as apply in the classroom or the editorial office. I recall that during World War II, when I was 4,000 miles from home and cold and hungry, I did some things that seemed right at that time and that place, but which I do not think I would ever have done back in this country. I did not concern myself much with . . . ultimate questions. Ideally, I should have. Ideally, we should not have war. Perhaps I betray my own lack of moral fiber. Perhaps I am no better than the man who stabbed the wounded soldier. I hope my ethical standards would not bend so far as to be trampled in the mud, but I have no way of knowing. I have not been pressed as hard as some men have.

There are certain inherent dangers in trying to cover a war in five-minute units of words and pictures, seven nights a week. These brief units of reporting, especially on television, are much better suited to showing a man struggling with a human enemy than to showing him struggling with his conscience. They are better suited to showing a man acting out his feelings than to showing him standing quietly repressing his feelings. They are better adapted to showing a single specific event than to showing the multitude of general factors leading up to that event. Finally, the TV screen lends itself better to zeroing in on one individual than to showing a whole platoon or company and the resulting psychological effects.

In short, conveying the truth about war through a collection of fragments is a difficult business. I would think twice before using such fragments as a basis for judging right or wrong.

WALTER F. STROMER,
Mount Vernon, Ia.

Unamused

THE REFERENCE by Herbert R. Mayes in "A Penny's Worth" [LONDON LETTER, June 6] to the Reading Room of the British Museum in which he says "you must begin queueing at 9 in the morning" leaves the impression that there is a long line. I have had a reader's card for the British Museum for at least the past thirty years, and during that time I have often been there at 9 o'clock. There may be ten people waiting to get in, but even all of these are not going to the Reading Room. I have never once been held up in going through the door leading to that famous study room. I am sure that no one is ever put out for chewing gum, or because his hands are not clean. The idea that you might be asked to leave because of talking is ridiculous. Even the librarians talk continually, and I have seen husbands and wives engaged on some research frequently consulting each other.

It is true that late in the afternoon the reading room gets crowded, but many times I have seen less than a hundred people sitting there as late as 10:30 in the morning. What Mr. Mayes has written may sound very funny, even dreadful, but it just does not happen to be true.

WILBUR M. SMITH,
San Marino, Calif.

"For heaven's sake, Sisyphus! Put your back into it. . . ."

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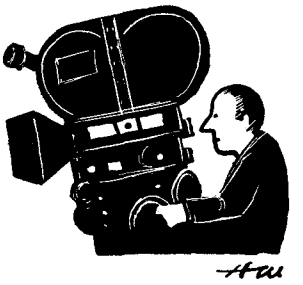
SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

No Pro Like a Real Pro



MOST MOVIEGOERS will probably regard *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever* as a personal triumph for Barbra Streisand. And with good reason. She is marvelous in it—deft with her lines as she switches effortlessly from a glamorous British beauty of the nineteenth century to a drab little New York college girl of today, equally authoritative in her movements and gestures to make both roles convincing and appealing, and in glorious voice for a score that has little beyond the melodic title song to recommend it. She is as touching and as funny as she was in *Funny Girl,* far more suitably cast than in *Hello, Dolly!,* and without the sense that she is lugging an entire, huge, unmanageable show on her own slim shoulders. For the first time on the screen, Streisand emerges as a person—and a very charming, attractive one—rather than as a star personality projecting a dazzling, but patently synthetic, tour de force.

Yet, oddly enough, nothing could be more synthetic than Alan Jay Lerner's screenplay, based on his book for the Broadway musical. In a manner reminiscent of *Lady in the Dark,* the script alternates present-day sequences in which Daisy Gamble (Barbra Streisand) is hypnotized by a psychiatrist (Yves Montand) with scenes that represent her "regression." What is even more curious—and synthetic—is the fact that most of the film's dozen musical numbers are clustered into the modern sequences. Although one can readily accept most of them—Streisand singing to flowers (which she can make bloom by mental telepathy), a quietly romantic ballad sung by two young lovers on a rooftop—and despite all the conventions that one is prepared to concede to a movie musical, it nonetheless comes as something of a shock when a professor of psychiatry bursts into song in his own study.

Keeping such shocks to an absolute minimum is part of the contribution of director Vincente Minnelli to the grace and charm of this film. The creator of some of the best-loved and best-remembered of Hollywood's Golden Age of musicals (*Meet Me in St. Louis, Brigadoon,* and *Gigi* among them), Minnelli reveals that his is still the surest touch in this very special field. It has little to do with tricky camera movements or "effects" editing. (Indeed, the one number that indulges in such flights of fancy—Montand photographed from a helicopter as he sings "Come Back to Me" atop the Pan Am Building, while Streisand hears his voice through a montage of Manhattan street shots—is stylistically so far removed from the rest of the film as to suggest front-office interference. It is strikingly similar to the effective first-act finale of *Funny Girl,* and presumably someone thought it would work just as well here.)

What Minnelli does so well is to search out the essential qualities of his star performers, to frame them in ways that heighten the intimacy between them and their audiences, and to surround them with an aura of glamour that makes them at once larger than life and very real. Glamour has become all too rare on the screen today, as have musicals cast with people who can sing with the professionalism and authority of Streisand and Montand. Inevitably, *On a Clear Day* will be thought of as their show. But Vincente Minnelli, behind the cameras, has his own brand of professionalism, and that is what makes their show sparkle so effortlessly.

Minnelli's talented daughter Liza plays the title role in Otto Preminger's *Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon,* but the film studiously avoids any semblance of glamour, sparkle, or, for that matter, style. Preminger has become an undeniably proficient director, which means that his pictures keep moving in terms of story content, and with enough visual shock value to keep one watching the screen. But there are no resonances to his images, no sense of anything beyond the surface textures. Most of all, there is no heart. And that void is particularly felt in this adaptation by Marjorie Kellogg of her own novel. The three characters of whom she wrote, all maimed in one way or another, set up a *ménage à trois* out of their mutual suffering and their mutual needs. They could be perverse, thoughtless, and on occasion even cruel to each other; but they remained human and terribly sympathetic. By dwelling upon the more *outré* particulars of their lives together, Preminger has managed to turn them into freaks, as, for example, when he details the crippled homosexual's growing attachment to a beachboy on a seaside vacation none of them can really afford. As always, producer Preminger casts interestingly—Liza Minnelli, Kay Thompson as a rich eccentric, James Coco as a kindly fish-seller—but director Preminger seems increasingly unable to get beneath the skins of his people and make one care how, or if, they survive.

Job's Wife

by Thomas John Carlisle

Job's wife is often caricatured
as a second Satan since she said
"Curse God and die" though few would like
to have their own biography encapsuled
in one phrase in or out of context.
At least she didn't prostitute theology
and make believe to dust her husband's ashpit.

We don't know whether she brought out snacks
or started a barbecue to feed his friends
who were so hungry to devour him.

Perhaps she had to take a job
to shield herself from the poorhouse and provide
for doctor's bills—if one would come—
and to take her mind off what the patient looked like
and all that had happened to her as well as him.

Job did not cry which doesn't mean she didn't.

It's hard to have a hero for a husband.

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New Longings Abroad in the Land

by BENJAMIN DEMOTT

A WAY OF SEEING

by Margaret Mead and Rhoda Metraux

McCall, 335 pp., $7.95

IN THE COUNTRY OF THE YOUNG

by John W. Aldridge

Harper's Magazine Press, 128 pp., $5

THE USES OF DISORDER: Personal Identity and City Life

by Richard Sennett

Knopf, 198 pp., $5.95

How goes it with culture critics? Is a consensus in the works? Will these new American sages ever agree about what's right and wrong with the times?

The likelihood of consensus seems, on the face of it, slim. For one thing, the humanists and social scientists now working in the field have no common vocabulary or basic concepts, and are of different esthetic and political persuasions. For another, the materials scrutinized by one commentator seldom interest the next, with the result that well-focused comparisons of comment aren't feasible. And, at least as troublesome as either of these, there's the problem of eccentricity. Culture critics are given to highly idiosyncratic literary tones, methods, and self-images. Neutralize all divisive factors save this latter one—spiky individuality—and the prospect of culture-crit concord would still seem remote.

For a glimpse of the quality of the individualities in question, consider the case of Margaret Mead, whose observations about American life appear regularly in *Redbook*, a mass-circulation women's magazine. *A Way of Seeing* is a compilation of the best of her columns, with Rhoda Metraux credited as co-author. The tone is teacherly, unflappable, optimistic. Dr. Mead's subjects include the two-party system, student power, space research, population control, conscription, working wives, divorce, race and intelligence, and many more. Her method is to begin by stating a traditional or popular understanding of one or another custom or convention, and thereafter to cast that understanding in doubt by summarizing statistical and other evidence suggesting its breakdown. The gap disclosed between myth and fact is represented as a social problem, whereupon a solution is tentatively advanced. We think of a wedding, Dr. Mead writes, as an event binding the generations "in the shared belief that what has been true and lasting in the past is true and lasting today and will remain so safely across time." But, actually, this notion of things doesn't fit the facts. People are marrying younger, sexual relations before marriage are the rule, divorce rates have increased enormously, etc. The truth, says the culture critic, is that

> . . . we have not really faced up to the many conflicts between belief and experience, precept and practice, in our current, muddled style of marriage. It is not enough to say, "Yes, marriage patterns are changing." What we have not fully realized is that we do not have to stand by helplessly while change sweeps over us, destroying our hopes for a better life for our children. Instead, we can look steadily at the changes that have brought us where we are. We can ask, "How can we invest marriage forms with new meaning?"

With a "problem" before her, Dr. Mead lays out her answer—a "two-step marriage." Step One is described as a licensed union in which two individuals commit themselves to each other as individuals for as long as they wish to remain together, but not as future parents. "As the first step in marriage [this commitment] would not include having children." Step Two is a "par-

BENJAMIN DEMOTT is the author of *Supergrow: Essays and Reports on Imagination in America* and the novel *A Married Man.*

SR: BOOKS

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ental marriage," directed toward the founding of a family. The latter would always follow on "an individual marriage"; it would have "its own license and ceremony and kinds of responsibility," and it would look forward to "a lifetime relationship with links, sometimes, to many people."

The advantages of such a scheme are various. It would enable people to arrive at a clearer notion of who and where they are in life, and release them from the obligation "simply [to] continue to drift." It encourages the conception of children who aren't accidents but are wanted and prepared for. And, by "combining the best of our traditions and our best appraisal of human relations," the plan opens the way for "new forms of marriage that will give dignity and grace to all men and women."

As the example attests, part of Dr. Mead's individuality derives from the firmness of her belief in the pliancy of men and institutions, and from her occasionally beamish enthusiasm for radical social innovations. Other sources of individuality are the author's conviction of personal incorruptibility and the intensity of her self-regard. The latter qualities appear most vividly in an account of a revisit, with a TV camera crew, to Peri village, scene of Dr. Mead's memorable *Growing Up in New Guinea*. She describes, with perky satisfaction, episodes of showbiz ghoulishness and exploitation —director and crew hanging about impatiently for good footage of a real-life death scene, turning hot lights on a wretched woman in childbirth—and immediately thereafter she praises her own and her camera crew's "integrity, empathy and insight." But that one or two features of this critic's makeup aren't charming only intensifies her distinctiveness. Dr. Mead clearly is one of a kind—nobody easily tamed or caged in consensus.

Much the same could be said of John Aldridge. The author of *In the Country of the Young* (a slightly expanded version of a *Harper's* piece on the under-thirty generation) has, to be sure, some links with a school of culture commentary. Call it the formalist school. His essay offers contrasts between European grace and beauty and American viciousness and ugliness, such as frequently appear in formalist tracts:

> In England . . . one may go to a concert of eighteenth-century music and walk out of the concert hall into a world of eighteenth-century architecture. Or one can attend university lectures on the Romantic Poets in rural surroundings of precisely the natural beauty that produced the Romantic Poets. Americans, on the other hand, are accustomed to consuming their culture in islanded meccas of preposterous elegance set down in an environment of unspeakable ugliness. . . .

His attitudinizing about local proles and foreign swells is also cut from traditional formalist cloth:

> The problem is, of course, that modern America is physically a proletarian world and the perfect embodiment of the philosophy that we were put on earth to work hard and not to live well. Our physical environment was created to meet the material needs of large masses of people who were either laboring men or who shared the tastes of laboring men. . . . We have still not developed, and seem unlikely ever to develop, an aristocracy of taste sufficiently influential to improve to any important extent the quality of our physical existence. It was just such an aristocracy, reinforced by monarchical rule and enormous wealth, that created the cultural institutions of Europe and that civilized and humanized the total way of life of Europe.

The terms on which Aldridge scolds the new barbarians hardly qualify as unique. Universities are reminded that they aren't "media for the distribution of pamphlets," but "institutions whose first function is to train intelligence and preserve cultural standards." Hippies are reminded that their costumes are banal and pointless (" . . . U.S. Army tunics of World War I . . . the broad-brimmed hats and plunging sideburns of the Western plainsman . . . the headbands of Comanche braves . . . Edwardian suits, the smocks of French Bohemian painters, or the gaudy saris of guruland. . . . The young need to have something to do with their banality. . . .").

Yet these "shared" or communal thoughts do not dominate this text, do not seal it off into a snuffly corner with ordinary decline-of-culture lament. *In the Country of the Young* develops at least one thoroughly uncommonplace theme—that of contemporary rebelliousness as, at bottom, an esthetic protest, a rejection of the ugly, abstract, flavorless character of Middle America:

> . . . life in this country imposes no esthetic hardship on that part of the population who, regardless of how well educated they may be in a formal way, have the sensory equipment of peasants or early learned how to look at their surroundings without seeing them. But for the person quirky enough to be environmentally sensitive, life here can be a nightmare from which he is much too awake to awaken, an experience of visual trauma so profound that life on the moon would seem a godsend to him, if only because it would be merely bleak. He is obliged to exist in a society formed physically on values radically opposed to his own, and constantly erosive of his own . . . a serious obstacle to the pursuit of the civilized life.

Furthermore, the author's self-image is unique. Mr. Aldridge conceives himself as a kind of adventurous conservative. He rejects the new undergraduate as unmannerly, scruffy, and inarticulate, and simultaneously accuses him of passivity, self-protectiveness, and timidity—a timidity which perfectly

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

DÉNOUEMENT

Mary Coyle Schafer of E. Arlington, Vt., wants you to fill the blanks in her thriller with the surnames of the authors of the works listed underneath. (Watch out for puns and strange spellings!) For the solution, see page 50.

A _____ woman was standing on the _____, gazing into the _____. She _____ came here often because the scenery was _____. Suddenly there was a _____ in the _____ behind her. She turned and cried out to a _____ standing there, "Praise the _____, you're back!" "Yes," he replied, "and feeling _____ and _____. The whole tangled _____ has been unraveled. I didn't _____ the Spaniard; it was the _____ who did it, and the _____ has exonerated me." "Dear _____," she murmured, "I could _____ for joy!"

1. *The Way of All Flesh*. 2. *A Night to Remember*. 3. *Precious Bane*. 4. *On the Beach*. 5. *The Prodigal Women*. 6. *Tennessee's Partner*. 7. *Candida*. 8. *Journey's End*. 9. *Jude the Obscure*. 10. *Riders to the Sea*. 11. *Winterset*. 12. *Mysticism and Logic*. 13. *Our Town*. 14. *Psychology of the Unconscious*. 15. *The Third Man*. 16. *The Soldier*. 17. *The Magic Mountain*.

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matches that of the undergraduate's parents, who embraced in their own time the boredom-making dogma of "togetherness." Be free and be wild is the counsel of this critic, himself a professor of English at the University of Michigan. And, when his injunction is viewed in the context of his taste for eighteenth-century scenes and high living ("it remains virtually impossible, again outside the major cities, to buy a really fine meal at any price or spend the night in a really fine hotel or travel by public conveyance anywhere in the country in really comfortable, let alone luxurious, circumstances"), it is seen as no standard-brand item. Here is a critic of culture whose assumptions link the mind of the rogue-existentialist with that of the clubman-sybarite: one of a kind again.

There are, of course—pursuing the matter of individuality for one more minute—culture critics whose distinctiveness derives not from unprecedented personae or de Gaulle-like fantasies of rectitude, but rather from their capacity to shock with ideas, to challenge the unexamined beliefs of the dominant liberal culture. The most interesting of these critics in recent days is Richard Sennett, a young assistant professor of sociology at Brandeis and director of the Urban Family Study Center in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Traces of the influence of contemporary heroes like Herbert Marcuse and Norman O. Brown appear in *The Uses of Disorder*. Mr. Sennett borrows much—and with full acknowledgment—from Jane Jacobs, and older minds such as George Herbert Mead and Charles Horton Cooley also breathe around the edges of his argument. His impatience with the "routinization of the pattern of daily life" and his enthusiasm for the "participation explosion" seem at moments merely a new sociological mode of *épater le bourgeois*. There are soft places in Sennett's thesis, particularly the implicit assurance that total affluent leisure for all is right around that corner over there.

But, while debts and defects abound, so too do fresh perspectives. The liberal culture can't for a minute stop hyping itself about "order" as a primary social value. Mr. Sennett calls that value into question on virtually every page of his book. The liberal culture is hung up on long-range planning, programmed futures, vision-by-computer; Mr. Sennett effectively mocks the planners. Urban leaders cry out for more professionalism—and more bodies—on the law enforcement scene; Mr. Sennett is for reducing the number of cops. Not a self-dramatizer, not an "adventurous conservative," not a fixer of social problems in the Margaret Mead sense, he is still an original

"This time let's all try to stay in the right sequence."

head. And the originality stands as further proof that culture criticism in America is truly a haven for independents with a compulsion for remaining their own men.

When all this is said, though; when full and proper attention is paid to divergencies of view, temperament, and tone, it needs to be added that the story of culture criticism at this hour adds up to something different from mere multiplying conflicts of perspective. True enough, there are as yet no "professional organizations"—no lobbies, no conferences with small groups hammering out agreements later presented for ratification to the membership, no academic slave markets, etc. Yet certain correspondences or harmonies of assumption have begun to appear in works of this genre by writers utterly different in training and personality. Naming the correspondences in flat phrases is risky, especially (for reasons just now cited at length) in the case of the three writers at hand. But the risk is worth taking, for the nascent, shadowy consensus is nothing marginal or slight.

At its center lie two convictions. The first is that the imaginative and intellectual development of middle-class Americans is thwarted by enclosure—inadequate experience of human difference, lack of encounter with an otherness that demands to be understood on its own terms. The second is that the contemporary age has to its credit one major achievement: the heightening of the sense of possibility and openness to experience, an attitude toward which the middle-class American response has always been mindless, fearful, or worse.

To repeat: commentators on contemporary life don't lay out these convictions in the same language. Dr. Mead treats the cause of "openness" or possibility in an educational context, objecting to rigid "age-graded institutions in which people of the wrong age are intruders," and looking toward "a wholly new kind of studentship" as a key means of engaging urgent domestic problems:

> We can, if we will, work toward an organization of education in the future in which the young will be the teachers of their elders as often as they will be students and in which men and women of all ages, as students and teachers, will have continuing access to one another's ways of framing experience. The openness of the system, the freedom with which people will feel they can move in and out of it and their enjoyment of periods of learning throughout a lifetime will depend, I believe, on the extent to which we build in both autonomy and responsibility from the earliest years as a unifying principle.

The value of "openness"—diversity of experience, new ways of experiencing—emerges in Dr. Aldridge, on the other hand, in a moral context. *In the Country of the Young* presses a case, at its close, against the American obsession with the "normative," and argues for the reintroduction of risk, chance, enigma, and disharmony into middle-class life. Moral growth depends upon "reopening the circuits connecting us with life," says the author, adding that opening the circuits means accepting "cosmic surprise, the miracle of the fortuitous in nature. . . ."

Dr. Sennett, for his part, deals with routinization in socio-psychological terms, showing how the determination to make oneself "a fixed object rather than an open person liable to be touched by a social situation" has consequences not only in the outer "law and order" world, but in men's inner landscape as well.

It's proper to acknowledge that few commentators agree about where the worst threat to openness lies. Dr. Al-

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dridge claims the new youth culture is an enemy of the values of possibilitarianism he himself endorses. (Young people apparently want "not to expand possibility but to contract it, to harness experience in its infinite and disturbing variety, to harness the contingent in the service of the safe—in short, to free society from the oppressions of adventure. . . .") Dr. Mead and Dr. Sennett, rather more convincingly, associate the closed, anti-possibilitarian world with the restricted aspirations of bigoted elders. (" . . . these young people," says Dr. Sennett, describing what he views as the promising majority in the take-over generation, "are trying to construct a decent life for themselves without the old easy guides. . . . [They] are experimenters with themselves, and so are willing to experience painful confusion even in the face of their radical commitment.")

But it's a mistake to make heavy weather of such differences, given the weight and pervasiveness of the underlying themes. Bound by no political, moral, or esthetic agreements, culture commentators nevertheless often seem on the verge of a new unity of perception. Again and again they see as a root of our problems a major, insufficiently acknowledged internal war: habit, routine, and enclavism fighting desperately to preserve themselves at a time when openness, possibility, and spontaneity are erupting as plausible new values. Again and again they argue that the new values must be allowed to breathe, and that, toward this end, schools, urban environments, and language itself must be transformed.

The culture critics differ about whether society can develop means of enabling men to break out of social enclaves and intellectual abstraction. While they agree that only when the fact of human difference is fully felt does the constructive imagination rouse itself to vital life, they don't agree about whether, at the present black hour, it's too late for such awakenings to take place. (Dr. Sennett remarks that some young people known to him have experienced, as a result of their recent confrontations with the "pigs," a new "compassion for the police, a desire to know how their lives have come to make them detest the students and the blacks.")

But repeatedly these authors engage a truth too often neglected by men in high place: new longings are abroad in the land. Reading them, you touch at moments clearer intuitions of what men truly want and why they're denied it than you could find in a hundred newscasts or White House statements. As for the value of the intuitions, well, who can hope to be saved if he hasn't an idea of salvation?

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Diabolically Endearing

MUCH OF THE DELIGHT of *Lolita* [*The Annotated Lolita, SR,* June 13] is the tremendous pleasure the author finds in "playing" with the English language. This playfulness is the key to virtually all of Nabokov's writings. That his technique and style are "arty," in their way, does not diminish their profound charm. He is not lofty but he is loftily sly, with an incredible ear (and eye) for human sounds and sight, all diabolically endearing.

The pun is a way of seeing *all* of the possibilities of the sound and the meaning of words—not a bad literary goal or achievement, when supremely managed.

WARNER WILLIAMS,
Culver, Ind.

Disastrous Masterpieces

THE TONE OF ALVAREZ'S ESSAY is, to say the least, flippant. The author tries to ridicule, by sly innuendoes, a writer who has already joined the ranks of the classics. Mr. Alvarez calls Nabokov a "minor master" and considers his masterpieces *Pale Fire* and *Ada* "disasters." Doesn't he realize that both these books are sheer poetry, equal in stature to the great epics of the world, like the *Iliad* or the *Mahabharata?*

Mr. Alvarez accuses Nabokov of using "impure English." I must remind Alvarez that Nabokov spoke and wrote English fluently at an early age. Any educated Continental European has, owing precisely to that education, a huge vocabulary and a facility in languages, usually four or more.

FRANK W. GUTMAN,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Not a Total Loss

WITH ALL THE MILLIONS of words which have been written about Vietnam, it seems strange that so little has been said about the part this may have played in the defeat of the communists in their attempt to take over in Indonesia. It is, therefore, noteworthy that Harold C. Brackman in *The Communist Collapse in Indonesia* [*SR,* May 2] has recognized the importance of this fact. Had the communists succeeded in Indonesia—and they might well have done so except for the American presence in Southeast Asia—it would have been a major disaster for the free world. The Vietnam War has not been a total loss, although the antiwar protesters will probably not be willing to admit it.

WILLIAM K. MUNN,
Oakland, Calif.

If . . .

I HAVE READ AND REREAD Daniel Berrigan's "The Passion of Dietrich Bonhoeffer" [*SR,* May 30]. I thank him for it—and for all the inspiration and hope that his writings and, more, his life-style have afforded us. He can be sure that he has many friends—some of whom he has never even met—who are with him in spirit in his exile. If we would all be the Christians we should be, how we could lead this despairing world!

SISTER ELLEN LOUISE BURNS,
Chicago, Ill.

THE SIMILARITIES between Daniel Berrigan's prose-poem "The Passion of Dietrich Bonhoeffer" and the guest editorial by George Wald [*SR,* June 6] are outstanding. My first reaction, that they should have been included in the same issue, has given way to the conviction that reiteration of the same theme in many ways at many times may have greater value.

REV. RUTH H. POWELL,
Townshend, Vt.

Omniscience Not Expected

I AM AMAZED AT George E. Reedy's book *The Twilight of the Presidency* [*SR,* May 9]. According to the author, the President —any President—is a prisoner, shut off from contact with fellow citizens, his staff members being mere puppets basking in the Presidential glare. The President *per se* is a sad judge of character and ability; so he seldom, if ever, can comprehend the rightness of the opposition, and is in eternal conflict with the press—*trahison suprême.*

This book is an insult not only to any citizen who may become President, but even more to the intelligence of a democratic nation that has too much good sense to expect omniscience in church or state.

CHARLES NELSON,
Newport News, Va.

Omphaloskepsis

READING NICHOLAS A. SAMSTAG'S REVIEW of Jay Neugeboren's *Parentheses: An Autobiographical Journey* [*SR,* May 9] was a temporary exercise in frustration. What, in heaven's name, was "the author's ongoing omphaloskepsis"? I rushed to my heretofore adequate handy desk lexicon, but no enlightenment awaited me there. After a fretful night, I finally found the answer in *Webster's Unabridged* at the library the next morning. Does Mr. Samstag titillate the readers of his editorials in Providence with gems like this? "Omphaloskepsis"—what a lofty, erudite, impressive sound that has! I'm still trying to figure out a way to work it gracefully into a conversation.

JOYCE MANUEL,
San Diego, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Save omphaloskepsis for a putdown the way Mr. Samstag did in irritation over what he considered the author's lofty navel-gazing.*

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European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

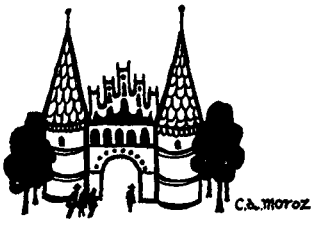
The Spanish statesman-philosopher Salvador de Madariaga once observed, "It was obvious that Don Juan had to be born in Spain—a bull country." Despite this amusing if simplistic interpretation of the Don's character, writers have debated ever since the seventeenth century (when Tirso de Molina produced a play about him) which the lover-rogue deserved punishment more for—seducing women or breaking laws. Northern Europe condemned him as a parthenophagous playboy who changed women oftener than his fellow-noblemen changed their lace collars. Southern Europe worried more about his transgressions against God, the state, and honor. Many a male reader of the Don Juan legend, as retold by Molière, Mozart-Da Ponte, Shaw, Montherlant, and even Max Frisch, has found him a villain whom they inwardly admired and with whom they secretly identified.

Interpretation of the amorous Don grew more complex when the Freudians got at him. He became alternatively a psychotic taking out on all women his hostility toward his mother, a latent homosexual, or a man so frightened of impotence that he was constantly forced to reassert his virility. Otto Rank fitted him into an Oedipal pattern: "The many women whom Don Juan has to replace again and again represent to him the irreplaceable mother, while his adversaries—deceived, fought, and even killed—represent the unconquerable mortal enemy, the father." Only Albert Camus, in a few pages of his *Myth of Sisyphus*, wrote with empathy of this legendary character, asking finally: "Why should it be essential to love rarely in order to love much?"

For more than three centuries the men have had their say. Now, with her prize-winning volume *Don Juan y el Donjuanismo* (Ediciones Guadarrama), Mercedes Saenz Alonso becomes the first woman to analyze this compatriot of hers. At the outset she hurls a gauntlet at all male critics, accusing them of making Juan an archetype and of never pausing long enough over the nuances of his character. (Are you listening, Dr. de Madariaga?) "To dogmatize about Don Juan seems to me a senseless chore. The plurality of the personage, materially demonstrated in the hundreds of works written about him, shows palpably his many facets, facets of an inexhaustible richness." With Germanic thoroughness she follows her theme down every possible path, including art, music, science, and psychology, from the pre-Socratics to Frisch. These 330 pages leave almost nothing more to be said on the matter. It is ironic that the men who take a beating at Mme. Saenz Alonso's hands are not the Don Juans, but the pedants who preceded her.

Two collections of poetry are welcome imports from France. Alain Bosquet publishes his seventh (by my count) book of verse, *100 Notes pour une Solitude* (Gallimard). Although these lucid poems linger over the absurd in our world, they are not so somber or harsh as Bosquet's three successful novels. The poet ("he," not "I") is again "caught between the absurd and the absolute," trying to create beauty and consolation for man. Critic Yves Berger finds that Bosquet is here true to his "manner": "exuberant, nostalgic, depressed, inventive, he plays among his images, creating a world whose characteristics are mobility if not frenzy, fantasy, a tendency to starts and capers, and filled with more odors, noises, and music than the ordinary world offers." The poetry makes contact with reality only with difficulty—understandably, since Bosquet defines reality as a "punishment." If Bosquet sounds dejected in this volume, I can report from a lunch with him this past month that he is still as good-natured as ever, and pleased with the Wisconsin undergraduates he had been teaching for a semester.

The other collection of verse is *Jacob* (Le Seuil), by Pierre Emmanuel, on whom Bosquet has written a definitive study, published by Seghers. Here Emmanuel returns to the biblical motifs that have inspired him since 1944. The theme is Jacob's wrestling with the angel. Jacob's two conflicting selves are at war with each other throughout his life. If Emmanuel rejects Nietzsche's belief that God is dead, he concedes that God, like Jacob, is ambiguous. Rich in accumulated imagery, passionate in its religious feeling, ironic in its portrayal of modern man's dilemmas, yet anguished in its concern for man, this work is even more powerful and satisfying than Emmanuel's *Sodome* and *Babel*. All of them were apparently inspired by Victor Hugo's *Légende des siècles*. The reader is left thoroughly convinced that Emmanuel (real name, Noël Mathieu) merited his recent election to the French Academy.



One of the greatest influences on Pierre Emmanuel was Friedrich Hölderlin (1770-1843), to whom he devoted several essays and a series of poems called *Le poète fou* (Hölderlin went mad in 1804). Many others are writing about Hölderlin, for 1970 is his bicentenary. Hölderlin is somewhat of a split personality in literary history: his intense love of ancient Greece (as expressed in *Hyperion*) allied him with Winckelmann and the Weimar classicists, while his anxiety, subjectivity, and nostalgia for a lost Golden Age grouped him with the Romantics. By the time he had won the grudging praise of Goethe and Schiller, the leading literary arbiters of his time, his mind had begun to disintegrate. The main event of the bicentenary observance was a three-day jubilee hosted by the Hölderlin Society at Stuttgart, at which an élite group of international scholars read papers. A Hölderlin exhibit will be held at the Schiller Museum in Marbach until November 1. A two-volume collection of his works and letters based on the Stuttgart edition has been published by Hanser in Munich, and a four-volume definitive edition of the complete works and letters by East Berlin's Aufbau Verlag.

Rolf Hochhuth's lurid new play *Guerrillas*, recently premièred in Germany, has now been published by Rowohlt. In it Hochhuth abandons his former "documentary" theater and lets his imagination run riot. His theme is that America can be saved from civil war only by an upper-class revolution against the Pentagon-CIA-industrial complex. The hero, David Nicolson, an American businessman, senator, and cryptodemocrat, has been working with liberal groups in Bolivia and elsewhere. In the last act Nicolson is murdered by the CIA just before President Nixon's election, but his fellow-plotters agree to carry on their plan to seize the government, ostracize the "silent oligarchy," and put an end to war and imperialism. In a foreword, Hochhuth claims that his drama is to a revolution what an architect's blueprints are to a completed building. No doubt *Guerrillas* will follow *The Deputy* (1963) and *Soldiers* (1967) to Broadway; so let us adjourn the matter until then.

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BALDUR'S GATE

by Eleanor Clark

Pantheon, 367 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Glendy Culligan

■ To look backward is a universal posture. Every land and clime cherish the myth of a golden age for which weary humanity yearns. In America, where the forest primeval lies a mere 400 years behind us, the presumption of lost innocence has been especially strong, accounting for the pessimism of our best literature. American novels repeatedly acknowledge both the radical dream of beginning again, on which the nation was founded, and the no less radical despair that follows every failure.

In her second novel Eleanor Clark plays on this perennial theme and appends a question mark. Having proved her acute historical sense in *The Oysters of Locmariaquer*, which won the National Book Award for nonfiction in 1964, she deploys it now in an ambitious fiction that leavens nostalgia with qualified hope. At loose ends in a desiccated garden, where the apple of knowledge is wormy and Adam hiding, her Eve discovers that the lost Eden is total mirage. Consequently, heaven is wherever, or if, you find it.

Like her NBA winner and her earlier *Rome and a Villa*, Miss Clark's novel is complex in design and rich in implication. Considered simply as narrative, however, *Baldur's Gate* is a highbrow *Peyton Place*. Set in a New England backwater newly rippled by migration from nearby cities, it provides enough plot to keep a television serial moving for a season. Adultery, illegitimacy, sexual deviation, alcoholism, and neurosis plague those of high and low degree. In this respect, class distinctions are blurred in Jordan, Connecticut.

—*Ellen Levine*

Eleanor Clark—"mythic overtones."

In other aspects of life, however, class lines are tightly drawn. Both heroine and narrator, Eva Hines is heiress to a worn-out farm and an equally vitiated history. The old Cunningham place, an architectural gem, needs paint and modern plumbing. Similarly, at thirty-two, Eva is coming apart. As she describes the turbulent summer of 1952—central span of the novel—she is reminded of earlier reversals that have shattered her self-confidence, her social position, and her pride. Chief of those misfortunes were her mother's suicide, her fiancé's desertion, and her friend Baldur Blake's disappearance from a neighboring studio, where he had created sculptures that won him a Prix de Rome.

Her trials of fourteen years ago grew out of earlier tribulations. Root causes were her father's weakness; her mother's failure to recoup the family fortunes with a boarding school, followed by her infidelity and alcoholism; a brother's aberrant sexuality. Finally, Jordan's oracle, Miss Adelphia Pryden, aunt of young Eva's fiancé, and her ideal of *noblesse*, withdrew her patronage. Reduced thereby to the lowest rung of the social ladder, Eva has married an itinerant handyman who won't settle down to a steady job.

Small wonder that Eva feels drained and numb. But all this is only background. The novel actually begins when Eva's former lover reappears, divorced and famous. Inevitably, the tangled strands of the past become knotted.

First, Eva's obsessive love for Miss Pryden's nephew threatens her marriage. Then Baldur Blake returns, buries his classical statue of Niobe weeping (for which Eva had posed), and takes up abstract art. His action is both practical and symbolic. At a studio party, Baldur's work impresses a real estate impresario, who commissions him to design a "new Jordan" that will enhance without destroying the old. Niobe's tears no longer will be needed.

As the stage is enlarged, the village of Jordan itself becomes a character in the drama. Like so many eighteenth-century relics within commuting distance of New York and Boston, it is the modern arena where cultures clash. With quaintness and "roots" becoming prized consumer goods, Jordan looks wistfully to the past and nervously to the future, wondering whether the twain can meet.

On this canvas Miss Clark matches a sharp eye for the comic with a serious concern for social values. As in her nonfiction, she balances historical necessities against past glories. One of her minor characters phrases this theme neatly: responding to a complaint that "things aren't what they used to be," the sage of Jordan retorts tersely, "Never were."

Panoramic as it is in scope, the novel is equally rich in narrative modes. Social comedy coexists with personal tragedy, realism with symbolism, depth psychology with fairy tale. Half a dozen time levels, a dozen themes, and a score of characters merge in the intricate structure. Possibly some audiences may find such wealth bewildering. Necessary facts emerge slowly from an introductory monologue which, by substituting subjective time for linear progression, forces the reader to piece together scraps of Eva's memory. Technically, this section is a virtuoso performance.

Inevitably, such a richly textured novel invites more than one interpretation. From the repertory of fictional motifs cherished by academic critics, Miss Clark in fact leaves scarcely a theme unturned. The dominant antitheses are past and present, country and city, nature and nurture, heart and head. Eva is Cinderella, her husband Lucas a disguised Prince Charming. Not one but two characters are engaged in the search for a father. Broken hearts and marriages assert the failure of love and the force of illusion. Other, peripheral themes deal with the enduring value of art, with education and philanthropy.

Evident enough in the narrative, these themes are reinforced by poetic devices which require that the novel not only be read but decoded. Mythic overtones lurk in the allusive names of the town and its characters. Eva, seeking her Adam in the wrong garden, finally triumphs over the oracular Adelphia and the manifest pride of the Prydens. Lucas radiates the innocence and *lux* from which his name derives; while Baldur Blake—whose design for an entrance to the future lends the novel its title—combines references to the Norse god of wisdom and an English mystic.

His gate, an intimation of immortality left to rust on the town dump, finally becomes an ambiguous symbol. Eva, stumbling on it after the utopian dream fades, sees its promise of "some large serenity always in the act of rising out of torment."

In such passages, Eva speaks with the wisdom of her creator. The fact that she rarely does so pinpoints the weakness of a novel that is brilliantly constructed and richly adorned, yet somehow hollow at the core.

The problem originates in Miss Clark's choice of first-person narration, which always entails risks. To be convincing, a heroine who tells her own

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He's working to make your life better.

He's an artist. Not exactly starving in a garret, either. Because our society is more and more inclined to reward those who achieve excellence in their chosen fields. But what drives this man beyond financial incentive is the compulsion to add new perspectives to our view of life.

The same motivation drives our agents in serving your life insurance needs.

National Life
of Vermont
National Life Insurance Company, Montpelier, Vermont

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This bird sanctuary

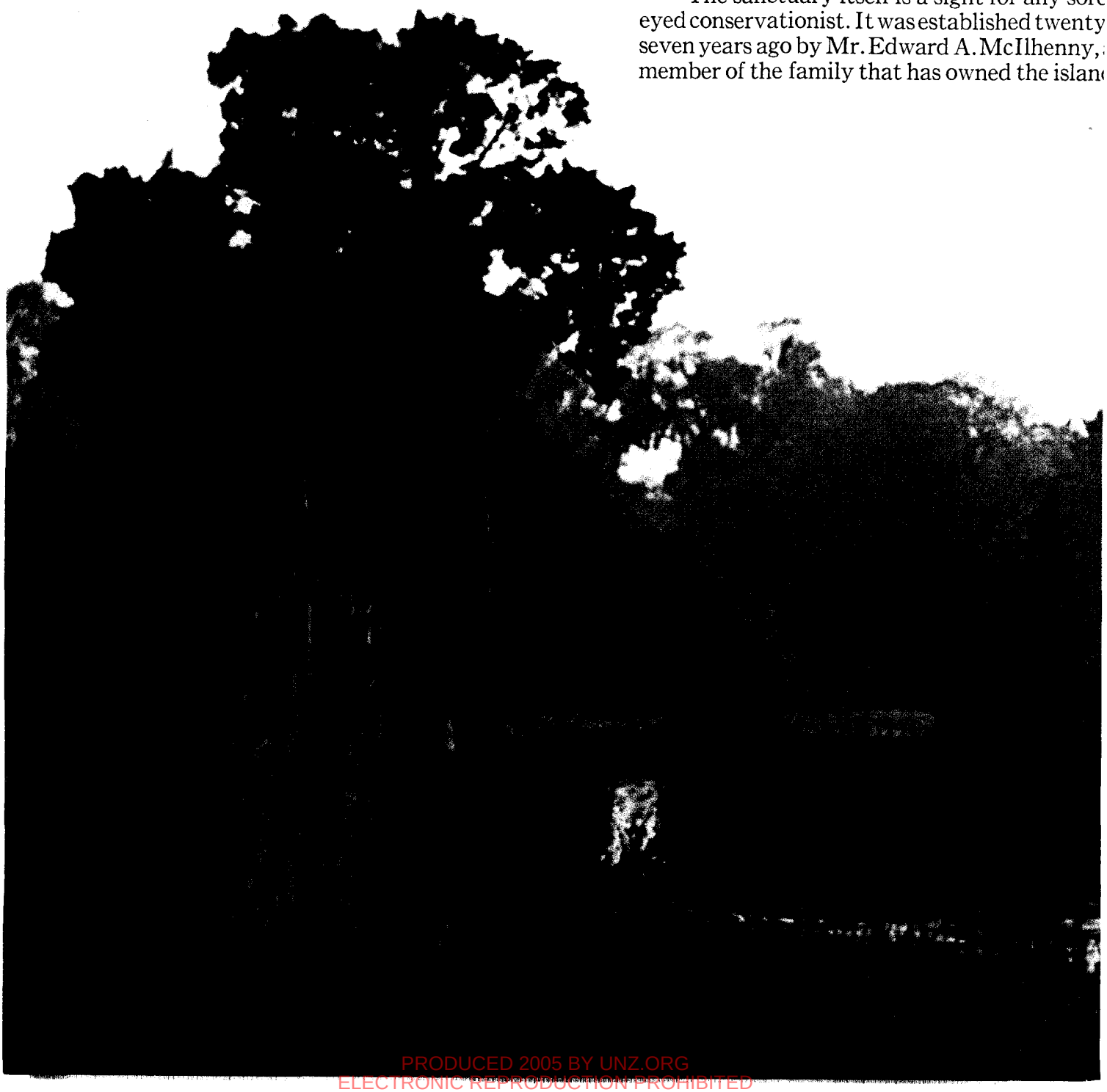
Imagine a tiny green hump of an island in a Louisiana swamp. Its total area is less than five square miles.

Put two hundred houses on it and seven hundred people. Add one of America's largest rock salt mines, the Tabasco® sauce factory and over a hundred oil wells. And what have you got? Overcrowding?

Quite the opposite. Avery Island seems almost undiscovered. A place for the painter an the poet.

Its bird sanctuary sits in a 200-acre garde Here you find irises from Siberia. Grapefruit from Cochin. Evergreens from Tibet. Bambo from China. Lotuses from the Nile. Soap tree from India. Daisies from Africa's Mountains c the Moon. And the world's most complete col lection of camellias.

The sanctuary itself is a sight for any sore eyed conservationist. It was established twenty seven years ago by Mr. Edward A. McIlhenny, member of the family that has owned the islan



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s an oil field.

r 153 years. It had one purpose. To save the ıowy egret from extinction.

Known as Bird City, the sanctuary started ith only seven egrets. Now, over 100,000 nest ound its man-made lake every year. To see ıese alabaster birds sharing their Eden with ·rons, ducks, coots, swans, cormorants, tur-es, deer and alligators is almost a primeval :perience. It seems to put the clock back to ıe beginning.

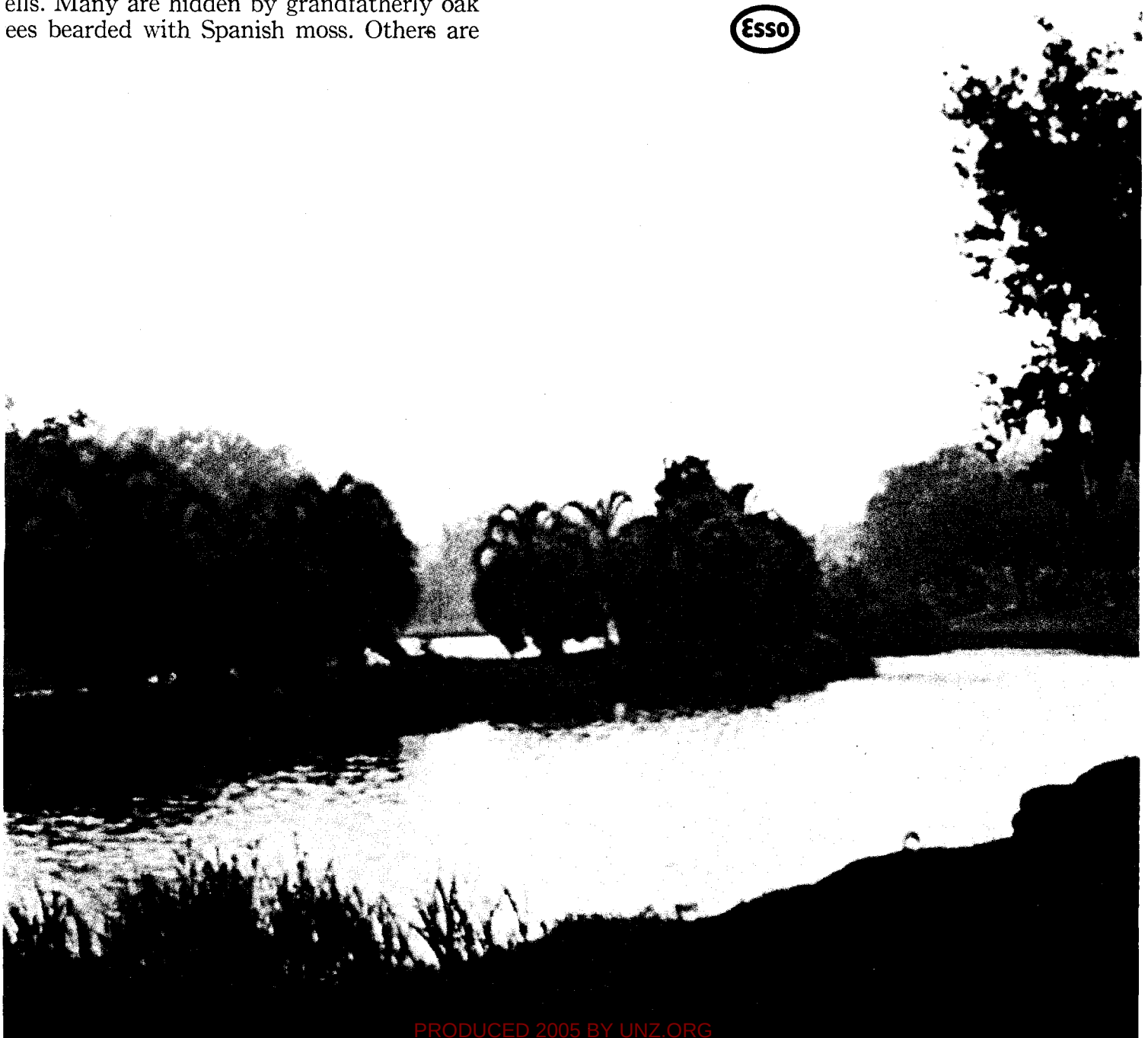
And, wherever you wander on this peace-l island, you have to look hard to spot the oil ells. Many are hidden by grandfatherly oak ees bearded with Spanish moss. Others are screened by banks of azalea and rhododendron. To Jersey's affiliate, Humble Oil & Refining Company, this respect for environment is only right and proper.

The oil industry provides Louisiana with one-third of its total revenue. But even this contribution would be a poor excuse for defiling beauty or disturbing wildlife.

Amen say the egrets.

Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)

ESSO



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1970 Imperial. A short guide to its virtues.

A man is understandably proud of the things that please him most.

Size. What inches can mean. The new Imperial is 229.7 inches long. We have designed it as a long, large automobile on the theory that size equals comfort. There's more room in Imperial than you've probably ever experienced in a car of this type.

Ride. What Torsion-Quiet means. Among the three U.S. luxury cars, only Imperial uses torsion bars on all models for a Torsion-Quiet Ride. Combined with unibody construction and the Sound Isolation System, they deliver the ideal combination of quietness, stability and control. A prime consideration in your choice of a luxury car.

Price. Comparison means little. Actual price differences between comparable models of the three luxury cars are so slight as to be insignificant. However, when you consider that the standard LeBaron Four-Door Hardtop comes with a vinyl roof and 50/50 split bench front seat, Imperial may well be the best value in the luxury-car price class.

Options. Even more luxury. In addition to a long list of standard equipment, there are many important luxury options. Among them, separate heating and Chrysler Airtemp air conditioning for front and rear. And an AM/FM Stereo Multiplex Radio and Stereo Tape System.

1970 Imperial. The new choice.

IMPERIAL CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

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story must stay within the limits of her own knowledge. This restricts the reader's understanding of other major characters who may—and in this case do—remain one-dimensional.

Self-portraiture also suffers. When she reveals that she is beautiful, the heroine appears vain. When she endures manifold hardships, she cannot escape self-pity. When she continues to trust a man whom her readers see through, she seems obtuse. In the end, long-suffering but shortsighted characters like Eva tend to grow tiresome.

Interviewed about her book award, Miss Clark speculated in 1964 that erosion of the traditional borders between fiction and nonfiction might increase. Her switch back to the novel form does not really disprove that thesis, since she deals symbolically with ideas as well as with human problems. Both the strengths and flaws of this Book of the Month, however, emphasize one point: no matter how many dimensions are added to a novel by myth and symbol, the persuasive power of fiction still depends on convincing character.

It is ironic that in her nonfiction Miss Clark provided a more seductive voice than that of her present heroine. She did so, evidently, just by being herself, another famous victory of life over art.

Glendy Culligan was for a number of years book review editor of the Washington Post.

MAN OF STRAW

by Joy Cowley

Doubleday, 227 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Adele Z. Silver

■ A father, a mother, two daughters. The father is stocky, silent, with good hands and sleepy eyes. The mother is fat, mild, untidy, generous. One daughter — Miranda, twenty-two — is thin (dieted herself to a stick, her father says), self-conscious, irritable; impatient with her parents' improvidence, she is hoarding grander plans for her own life. The other daughter—Rosalind, just turned thirteen—is giggly and tearful by turns, trembling with young womanhood inside her baby fat. An ordinary family, on whom Joy Cowley works extraordinary fictional magic.

Like her striking first novel, *Nest in a Falling Tree*, this one fixes on a quiet place where quiet people live, and, in a series of subtle, finely felt characterizations and episodes, wreaks havoc with quietness. In a small town on the New Zealand coast, a town like a dozen others they have lived in and abruptly

—Polyfoto (N. Z.), Ltd.

Joy Cowley—"fictional magic."

left, the Jonsson family occupies a shabby house high on a cliff overlooking the sea. Against the dramatic setting—the towering cliff, the rocks below, the huge, swelling sea beyond—the story unfolds. They love each other, this family of four separate persons; but they hurt each other, as families do, and their conflicts end in tragedy.

The painful and unexpected climax (which only a mean-spirited reviewer would reveal) involves Rosalind and Miranda. Rosalind's adolescence, so familiar a theme it would seem trivial in less sympathetic hands, is skillfully rendered. Miranda, who, unsatisfied by her family, her fiancé, her teaching job, hungers for *something*, is drawn with more asperity but equal understanding. Though Mrs. Cowley has created individual characters in these daughters, they are like one woman at two stages of life. Rosalind sees her parents with childish eyes, embarrassed by their peculiarities but accepting them; Miranda bitterly resents them. As the action swings back and forth between the two girls, jealous and fond of each other, the sense of *déjà vu* grows steadily stronger. Miranda was once like Rosalind, and Rosalind, given time, will grow to be like Miranda.

This intriguing aspect of the book is also its weakness. A single major character, like Maura in *Nest in a Falling Tree*, affords more focus to a novel, establishes a more intense relationship between character and reader. But intensity is under the surface in Mrs. Cowley's new work. Her prose is undramatic, her tone grave and measured. Its unhurried quality enhances the impact of this brief and simple story. There is nothing remarkable about it except that it is a very good little novel.

Adele Z. Silver, who is a columnist for the Cleveland Plain Dealer, is also a free-lance critic.

THE SEAMLESS WEB

by Stanley Burnshaw

Braziller, 320 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by Emile Capouya

■ "Please don't understand me too quickly," said the sage.

There is some danger that the reader of Stanley Burnshaw's learned and often eloquent book will be seduced into assenting with unbecoming haste to the author's main theses. For one thing, even a pioneering work is likely to present ideas already stirring within the minds of its proper audience, so that the response may well be an impatient "Yes, of course." By way of example, Mr. Burnshaw tells us that a poem proceeds from the poet's nerves and muscles as well as from his brain, from the fraction of his innate capacities that has somehow survived the experiment of life, from the whole character of the medium of himself which he offers to the poem that is happening to him. That sounds like common sense. So much so that one is inclined to accept the suggestion without noticing that it conflicts with a good many of one's other assumptions about the way in which the artist does his work.

But the author does what he can to explore the implications of such likely notions before they disappear into the common treasury of our prejudices. In the instance we are considering, he asks what follows from the idea of the poet's entire creaturehood underlying the poem. Where does that leave our belief in "conscious artistry"? For there is a plausible enough tradition—raised to respectable notice by Poe's canard about writing "The Raven" hind-end-foremost—that the work of art is the result of a kind of programmatic craftsmanship: the poet draws up a careful plan and proceeds to execute it methodically. In actual practice, that would amount to putting appropriate words in the appropriate places, one by one or in small clusters, much as we imagine a man does when he sets about solving a crossword puzzle.

As Mr. Burnshaw observes, that is not at all how a real poem happens. The poet may begin with no more than the faint awareness of a rhythm, or the echo of a word or phrase whose original is not present to him. He listens. If he is lucky, he begins to hear. The words that come at first may be discarded, or changed out of all recognition by their new contexts in the finished poem, but it is nevertheless by a process of active listening that the work proceeds. Composition, accordingly, is not the fulfilling of a pro-

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duction plan; it is the embarking of the artist's whole being upon a voyage of discovery. "Conscious artistry" must be understood to mean the professional aptitude for engaging in that adventure, and the habit of doing so. And Mr. Burnshaw caps his analysis of the question with that favored remark of W. H. Auden: "How can I know what I think till I see what I say?"

Equally sensible, and equally upsetting in their consequences, are the author's theses on the limits of criticism, the encounter between the reader and the poem, and how one may hope to begin to penetrate that impregnable redoubt, a poem in a foreign tongue. In short, by his own example Mr. Burnshaw suggests—though one swallow doesn't make a summer—that the day when poets could tell us something useful about the origins and the bearings of their art may not be over just yet.

While reading this illuminating book, however, I often had the feeling—as is to be expected when the discussion turns upon the ordinary miracles of life—that the vocabulary Mr. Burnshaw must draw upon in discussing the biological, psychological, or sociological aspects of the work of art will someday seem as quaint as "phlogiston," "atrabile," or "divine right of kings." That is not his fault, since our present-day literary conventions force him to write a book of this kind in prose. It seems most probable that the only language adequate to the purpose, a language that can point to the familiar mysteries of human creativity without traducing them as imaginary, is—again in Mr. Burnshaw's phrase—the speech of "the poem itself."

Emile Capouya is an editor and freelance writer.

HOWEVER MEDIOCRE IT MAY SEEM TO BE EACH MIND CAN CHANGE ITSELF & SO CHANGE THE WORLD.

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Laurence J. Bendit, M. D.
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DECLINE OF THE NEW

by Irving Howe

Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 326 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by David Littlejohn

■ The scrapbooks of literary critics—those periodic collections of essays, reviews, lectures, and prefaces—have always seemed to me a bit difficult to justify. Who ever buys them, except libraries? In the present case justification might appear even harder than usual, since seven of the seventeen pieces in *Decline of the New* are reprinted from Irving Howe's last collection, *A World More Attractive*, published only seven years ago. And two of these—one on black writers, one on the "angries" and the "beats"—the author admits are seriously out of date.

My guess is that this book came into being primarily in order to give Mr. Howe's essay "The New York Intellectuals"—and possibly just its last 6,000 or 7,000 words—a wider circulation and a more durable setting than was provided by the October 1968 issue of *Commentary*, where it first appeared, and that the author did not have enough additional new material on hand to fill up a 300-page book.

Which is not to say that *Decline of the New* is indefensible, or unreadable. Writers commit such collections, I suspect, less for money, or even to assert (as they might in a single-subject book) their critical opinions, than to make total personal gestures, public declarations of themselves. This, at least, is the kind of fundamental coherence I look for; this is what I search for *à travers* a dozen or seventeen essays and reviews on as many scattered subjects: an image of the author, his attitudes, obsessions, values, concerns. Who, what, and how useful does Irving Howe reveal himself to be in 1970?

He is—and this will come as no surprise—a literary critic with strong political predispositions. In the central testament of this volume he tries to explain the sources, the nature, the troubled evolution of the radically political approach to literature and ideas employed by the "New York intellectuals," including Irving Howe, over the past thirty-five years. This essay is a remarkable performance: quintessentially autobiographical in impulse, it makes almost no reference to Irving Howe. It is a vivid and vital piece of cultural history, but impressionistic or intuitive in nature, history that begins in reminiscence. Mr. Howe is hard, unflinching, even agonized in his analysis—of other men's errors. Much of the essay's vigor clearly derives from personal reference, from the polemic tone often humming just beneath the surface. For ultimately Mr. Howe feels compelled not only to analyze his own milieu, his chosen fellows, but to defend them—their politics, their intelligence, their achievements, their style—and thereby to defend himself against "the 'leftist' prigs of the Sixties, sons of psychiatrists and manufacturers."

In this essay he focuses on the specifically political issues that have marked the history of his group: anti-Stalinism, the Ezra Pound case, the American Congress for Cultural Freedom, etc. More interesting to me, however, are the ways in which the surrounding essays and reviews display his insistently political reading of literary works.

Mr. Howe is still bothered by the reactionary political opinions expressed by several of the giants of early twentieth-century literature. He shows especial sympathy, on the other hand, for those modern writers (Silone, Dreiser, Orwell, above all Joyce) who maintained a warm, democratic compassion for the common man, who avoided "those sins of aristocraticism which stain the work of so many twentieth-century European writers"; who kept the faith, however critical, in liberal democracy; and who, as did Orwell and Silone, combined political activism with literary creation. He is unhappy with mythic or romantic fiction (writers like Melville and Dostoevsky, he insists, were really more political than most of us think) and hostile to the would-be apolitical, individualist writers of the 1950s. Mr. Howe all but orders black writers to be militants.

He not only prefers social realism in the novel, he virtually demands it. Theodore Dreiser, Edith Wharton, and particularly Henry James are singled out for praise for accepting social reality, for believing that "the web of society is the true locale of man's destiny." The assumption of "some complex and significant relationship" between social place and moral value

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"has been a major resource of modern novelists . . . a prerequisite for the very existence of the novel." Novelists "need to live in an environment about which they can make economical assumptions. . . . The theme of personal identity, if it is to take on fictional substance, needs some kind of placement, a setting in the world of practical affairs." Books I have always regarded as primarily fables, as profound and eloquent fantasies—works by Hawthorne, Faulkner, Ellison, Mailer—Mr. Howe reads as realistic social critiques, or even as nonfiction. "Huck will light out for 'the territory,' and no doubt become a responsible citizen; but he will now have to live, like the rest of us, within the clamps of social limitation." He will? Where? Huck does not even exist except as a function of and in the context of Mark Twain's novel.

It is right that a critic attempt to illuminate what he knows and loves best, and not try to be all things to all men. Mr. Howe's case for the political anarchism of the American nineteenth-century masters is, I think, overstated (can two people on a raft really be an "anarchic community"?) but much of it is sound, provocative, and corrective. I love the unapologetic assurance of his piece on Henry James, and his enlightening approach to Hemingway. If anybody ever edits one of those anthologies of criticism on Edith Wharton or I. B. Singer, Irving Howe's fine studies of these writers should be included. And his uphill battle on behalf of Dreiser gradually begins to erode one's resistance.

Others of his "cases" are less persuasive. The three concluding tributes (to Orwell, Silone, and T. E. Lawrence)

(*Continued on page* 50)

WIT TWISTER #171

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Cain was _ _ _ _ _ _, and his
countenance fell,
For he knew the _ _ _ _ _ _
of his offering well.
Why did the Lord _ _ _ _ _ _
him looks of disdain,
While He made His acceptance
of Abel's gifts plain?

—A.S.

(*Answer on page* 48)

HELP SOMEBODY LIVE FOR A CHANGE

We all like to talk and moralize about the unnecessary deaths in the world.

But what does it really mean to a child like Luciana?

She lives with her parents and four brothers in a Bolivian shack. There's no running water. No electricity. No sanitation.

Medical care is practically non-existent. An unhappy circumstance when you're constantly threatened with acute starvation and diseases ranging from rickets to TB.

Luciana may die this year. Like thousands of other children existing in sub-human conditions throughout our world.

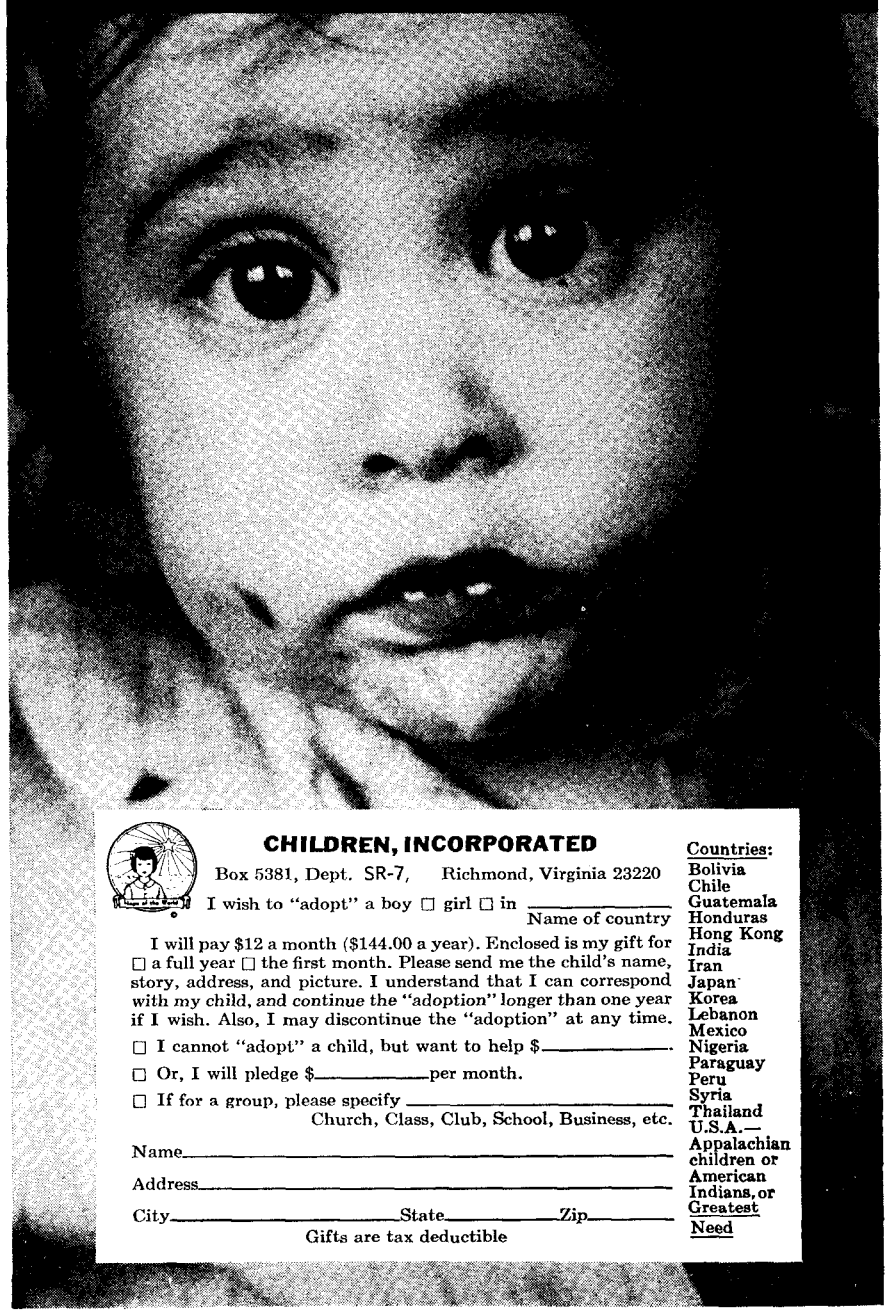
And believe us. All the conversation in the world won't save them.

What can save them is people like you. If you decide it's time to help somebody live for a change.

Sponsor a child through the CI "Adoption" Plan, and you'll become part of a program sending glimmers of hope and opportunity to children in 17 countries.

It's an easy way to do more than talk about saving one small life. Which isn't any small thing.

For more information, use the coupon below or write direct to Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke or Mrs. Jeanne Clarke Wood.



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THE REDISCOVERY OF BLACK NATIONALISM

by Theodore Draper

Viking, 211 pp., $5.95

BLACK NATIONALISM IN AMERICA

edited by John H. Bracey, Jr., August Meier, and Elliott Rudwick

Bobbs-Merrill, 568 pp., $8.50

Reviewed by Gary T. Marx

■ The direction of the black movement in America has clearly shifted. Many activists who were once caught up in Martin Luther King, Jr.'s majestic dream now visualize only Malcolm X's nightmare. With the change of goals from integration and assimilation to pluralism and, for some activists, separatism, the relative paucity of materials on black nationalism in American history has become apparent. These two books are thus welcome contributions. They supplement each other, one being an interpretive essay and the other a documentary anthology.

While Theodore Draper breaks little new ground, drawing largely on secondary historical sources and some of the arguments of W. E. B. DuBois and Harold Cruse, he brings together and analyzes a number of recurring themes in the history of American black nationalism.

The peculiar status of blacks in America, which Draper sees as involving something more than an ethnic group (because of slavery and the failure of assimilation), yet less than a colonized or third-world national group (due to diverse origins and numerical minority in a new land), has given rise to a persistent "fantasy of black nationalism"—the title of an earlier essay in *Commentary* of which this brief book is an expanded version. Other people have gladly left their ethnic ties behind them; "only the Negro has had to invent a spurious nationalism to cope with his extraordinary position."

In an argument that indicates the essentially "white" perspective of the author, Mr. Draper treats the black nationalist movement not as an autonomous development of a proud people seeking identity and self-determination, but merely as a reaction against an intractable and indifferent white society—and one well worth being integrated into at that.

Broken promises by whites and despair over the depth of racism have occasionally led disillusioned blacks to renounce the United States. Their great difficulty lies in finding an alternative. Although such blacks as Martin R. Delaney and Paul Cuffe, as well as certain whites, among them Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln, have favored emigration, where could Negroes go? Mexico, Canada, Haiti, some part of Africa? Where can one find a country today that is willing to open its doors to millions of immigrants? There is a further problem: the blacks who have the skills and resources most needed to build a new nation have generally been those least attracted to the project.

A second solution is "internal statism," the establishment of an independent black state within the U.S. This idea, once backed by the Communist Party and the Black Muslims, and currently espoused by the Detroit-based Republic of New Africa, raises other issues. How are the blacks going to induce the United States government to support financially and cooperate in its own partial destruction? How will the blacks deal with their wide geographic distribution and the presence of whites in the territory they request?

Still others have promoted a cultural and psychological nationalism, which stresses the development of black lifestyles and feelings of solidarity with people of color everywhere. While these factors are important, they are unlikely to effect fundamental policy change.

Draper's review of the dilemmas, contradictions, failures, and occasional excesses of American black nationalism is helpful, and it shows an honesty that is often lacking among Left-leaning whites in their response to radical blacks. Yet, in a society as rich in self-deception as ours, it is a little disquieting to have Draper devote all his attention and moralizing (some of it is a little snide) to the fantasies of black nationalism rather than to the far more damaging fantasies of white nationalism. Furthermore, the significance of a social movement does not lie simply in the rationality of its ideas nor in its successes. Draper underplays the possible strategic importance of extreme black nationalism in making moderate black leaders more acceptable to the white establishment and in arousing psychological and emotional responses among millions of ghetto dwellers. To judge black nationalism only by the logic of its ideas is to miss something crucial.

John Bracey, August Meier, and Elliott Rudwick have gathered considerable long-neglected material in their anthology, the first collection of original writings devoted entirely to black nationalism. Moreover, the editors, who are both academics and civil rights activists (Bracey and Meier are historians, Rudwick a sociologist), bring to their task wide knowledge, a sense of perspective, critical sympathy, and a keen eye for relevant and little-known details.

Part of a series designed "to provide the essential primary sources of the American experience," the book is divided into five main sections, covering the origins, maturation, flowering, eclipse, and revival of black nationalism from the first Negro churches and benefit societies in the late 1700s to the Revolutionary Action Movement and the Black Panthers.

Its seventy-seven documents are drawn from speeches, manifestos, letters, leaflets, poems, books, Negro newspapers, and the proceedings of colored people's conventions. Relatively well-known writings by Henry Highland Garnet and Marcus Garvey are included, as well as material ferreted out from more obscure sources, such as Bishop Henry M. Turner's 1898 article arguing that "God Is a Negro" and David Nickens's 1832 "Address to the People of Color in Chillicothe, Ohio."

In a thoughtful introductory article the editors identify seven types of black nationalism, ranging from simple racial solidarity and pluralism to cultural nationalism, territorial separatism, and Pan-Negroism. By defining the movement thus broadly something is lost in precision, yet much is gained in scope.

What strikes one in reading these documents is the long history of many aspects of the current black power movement, such as race pride and self-reliance, the coexistence of nationalist and integrationist goals, sometimes in the same individuals, and the irony of a separatism born of the failure of integration but nevertheless often advocated as a means of achieving full acceptance in American society.

These books make it clear that, whatever the resolution of America's racial problems, it must take a genuinely pluralistic form, which, while granting blacks the same rights as other groups, appreciates their unique history, heritage, and interests, as well as the potential beauty and utility of strong ethnic communities.

Gary T. Marx, author of "Protest and Prejudice," has been awarded a Guggenheim fellowship for the study of protest movements in Europe.

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World of Dance

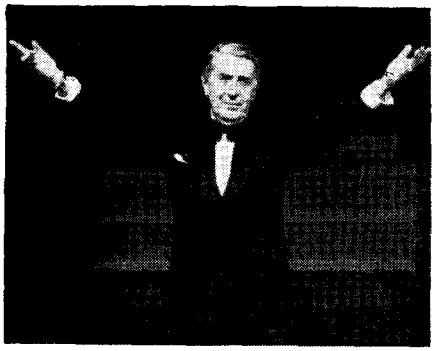
Walter Terry

In Honor of Sir Frederick

WE ARE NOW into summer, with the American Ballet Theatre reigning at the New York State Theater, but there were some late spring flowerings that must not go unrecorded. One, ironically, was an especially brilliant flowering that in its instant of glory presided over the end of an era. This was the closing performance of Britain's Royal Ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House, a performance that was planned and held as a gala for Sir Frederick Ashton upon the occasion of his retirement as director of the Royal Ballet. Happily, Sir Frederick, one of the century's great choreographers, will now have more time for choreographic creativity around the world, but as a director, he left, in seven years, his stamp upon the Royal Ballet as he guided it to an awesome plane of perfection in style as well as in technique.

The Gala was memorable. Sir Frederick had selected the program. It opened with Act IV of Petipa's *La Bayadère* (music of Minkus) as staged by Rudolf Nureyev and starring Dame Margot Fonteyn and Nureyev. Ashton had chosen it because it focused upon the full dancing splendor of his *corps de ballet*, a ravishingly beautiful ensemble of his own making. The other ballets were all-Ashton favorites: Scene III of *Daphnis and Chloé* (Ravel), *Symphonic Variations* (Franck), Pas de Deux from *The Dream* (Mendelssohn), and one of his earliest ballets (1931), *Façade* (Walton). In every case, the Royal Dancers did full honor to their knight, and I wish I could list them all, but I think it fitting to mention two young stars, Antoinette Sibley and Anthony Dowell, since they represented not only that dance form, the duet, of which Sir Frederick is the unequaled master, but also because they danced it with an airy, ardent beauty that those in attendance will never forget.

For the closing tribute, the stage was packed with his colleagues. Dame Margot, radiant but tearful (she has long been his very special inspiration and protégée), brought Sir Frederick from the wings; Sir David Webster, also retiring this year as general administrator, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, spoke with wit and tenderness; Sir Frederick, admitting he could not "keep a stiff upper lip," broke down and wept; the audience stood and cheered until, and after, the asbestos



—*Photos by Ron Protas*

Sir Frederick Ashton—"Never . . . an ovation such as this."

was brought down. Never has New York witnessed, for the world of dance, an ovation such as this.

Because I have just taken note of the artistry of two junior stars, Sibley and Dowell, and because I mentioned that Dame Margot has played a very special role in the Ashton career, I should like to make brief mention of the season's final performance of *Swan Lake* in which Fonteyn, partnered by Nureyev, performed. They are always profoundly moving in this ballet, but on this occasion there was an incandescence that is rare in the theater. For these ensorcelling moments, minutes, and hours, the only Odette-Odile in the world was Fonteyn; the only Prince, Nureyev. And the final act, completely choreographed by Sir Frederick, fusing his creativity with the ancient genius of Petipa and Ivanov (the original choreographers), also shone and shimmered with incandescent beauty.

The New York City Ballet, the official dance company of the New York State Theater, suffered a halved fiftieth New York engagement because of a strike by the New York City Ballet Orchestra. When its spring season finally got under way, the major offering was a new production of Stravinsky's *Firebird*, choreographed by George Balanchine (with Jerome Robbins creating the scene of the Monsters), and with newly executed, and approved, décor by Chagall. Well, it was nothing like the 1949 Balanchine staging (Stravinsky and Chagall), with Maria Tallchief as the star, which tore apart the old New York City Center. In the new version, teen-aged Gelsey Kirkland is the Firebird, but lithe as she is, there is no magic to her at all, and the title role becomes not a creature of flame, but a pullet. Thus, the whole ballet loses its point and purpose. Elsewhere, the Balanchine choreography is not up to the master's high level, but Robbins's monsters are so enchanting, you'd like to take them home and put them on your mantel.

But the New York City Ballet's *Firebird* is decidedly worth seeing, for the Chagall is breathtaking.

A highlight of the curtailed season's novelties was the new *Sarabande and Danse*, choreographed by John Clifford (barely past twenty) to music of Debussy (orchestrated by Ravel). It is a highly attractive, dance-for-dance's-sake work which gives pleasure both to the onlooker's eye and to his kinesthetic muscles. As for his own dancing, Clifford is a striking performer, volatile and virtuosic, bouncy and brilliant.

Summertime travelers will find the New York City Ballet performing (July 1-26) for its fifth annual season at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, Saratoga Springs, New York. The company will be seen in repertory in one of the most beautiful settings for the arts to be found anywhere in the world.

Gelsey Kirkland as the Firebird—"lithe . . . but no magic."

"Swan Lake" with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev—"incandescent."

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

The Curse of Nuremberg

PUSHING TOWARD Nuremberg on a drizzly afternoon in late May, I confessed to myself there were other places in Germany I'd rather be approaching. No doubt the weather and the prospect of coping with a sprawling industrial center, after four or five days in the romantic hinterlands, contributed to my dampening mood. Rothenburg and the pastoral calm of western Germany, only an hour or two behind me, already seemed very far away, as the commercial peaks of a different age closed in. Whereas Rothenburg and one's movements in that picture-book medieval town had been perfectly defined by the high walls encircling the old section, Nuremberg appeared on first exposure to be gaping and irregular, a chunk of stony antiquity here, a boxy modern office building there.

Whatever the weather, an *Ausländer* can scarcely be blamed for bringing with him a clouded vision of the northern Bavarian city. Nuremberg, to be sure, boasts a rich artistic and academic tradition that reached fruition in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and there is no denying the positive strides it has taken since the end of World War II. But even a visitor who was in kindergarten when the Third Reich fell cannot ignore what Nuremberg represented from 1933 to 1945. No other German locality was more closely identified with Nazism—not even Munich, 100 miles to the southeast, where the movement was born.

I tried to put those considerations aside that day, an effort made easier by the gracious, Old World ambience surrounding me at the Grand Hotel, hard by the railroad station and the American Army Hotel. The latter building, handy for the locally stationed U.S. Second Armored Cavalry, had a patched-up broken window in front, the result of recently rising anti-Indochina War sentiment among Germany's young people. Actually they regard the hotel with mixed passions, for it also houses the Armed Forces Network, which broadcasts only in English but plays the best and latest rock music on German airwaves.

Nuremberg, a worker's city with a population of 472,000, does not rival Munich for beer-guzzling *Gemütlichkeit*, and doesn't try to, but on the first evening I did find a beer cellar, the Edelweiss, in midweek tumult. German group scenes don't normally warm me as they do so many American visitors to Bavaria. There seems an artificial camaraderie and perhaps, to me anyway, a suggestion of the all-for-one-and-one-for-all fever that swept the country not so many years ago. A beer hall is just the thing, though, for the tourist who complains of never meeting enough natives. He really has no choice. Customers are routinely seated at a table of strangers—also the practice in Bavaria's restaurants.

My companion, a New York woman in Nuremberg on business, followed me through the Edelweiss's packed arena. (In Germany a male escort always enters first.) She agreed that for the sake of adventure we should pass up the two seats offered by a group of English-speaking customers: Bad enough two New Yorkers should be uniting so far from Manhattan. So we made our way through the eye of the beery tornado to a table four-sixths occupied by a quartet of young German hardies, who motioned us to join them. Halfway into our first steins of Bavarian light, we began melting into the atmosphere by that curious process of German beer-hall osmosis. On the second or third round we were coaxed to our feet to join in a swaying, arm-in-arm drinking song. As the oompah band played on, the foursome climbed up on chairs to continue the number, and sheepishly we followed, noting that only a few other groups in the hall had scaled such heights. Mercifully, the music halted before we could get any higher.

By then we'd established a strong enough bond to exchange first names and to let my companion out as a dance partner. Despite a massive language block on both sides, we learned that all four men were training for post office jobs in Nuremberg, and at least three of them were members of Willy Brandt's Social Democratic Party (SPD). When I raised my stein to Brandt and the SPD, they answered with a toast of their own. "Kennedy," they said.

"Bobby?" I asked. "*Ja*," one answered. "*Und* John F." Then they all pronounced his name ("John F.") with the special reverence it still inspires in Germany among young and old. On the subject of President Nixon there was unanimous agreement. And in fact the only area of dispute was whether my friend and I should follow their advice and switch from half-liter steins to the full liters they were downing with such dispatch. She could barely lift an empty one. I risked my manhood and also declined. Before parting, we exchanged names and addresses on scraps of paper and chewing gum wrappers, the foursome asking for post cards from the States.

Next morning, as the sun struggled through the overcast, I rode up to Kaiserburg, the imperial castle, with Walter Schatz, a former newspaperman who now serves the city government as a press officer. Four-fifths destroyed by Allied bombing raids in 1945, Nuremberg's medieval walled city has been partly reconstructed along the original ground plan. We looked across the city from atop a wall that stretches almost unbroken for three miles with 128 towers and four main gates. Buildings within the *Altstadt*, or old section, have been constructed since the war in the peaked, red-shingled manner of the past, their roofs rising on graceful lines toward the imperial castle at the north end of town.

Curious to hear about Nuremberg's function during the Third Reich, I broached the subject rather delicately with Schatz. One can never predict the response to such a question. Often a visitor's academic interest is interpreted by an oversensitive German to be a kind of accusation. Some Germans I met seemed almost grateful for the internal and external trouble America is experiencing these days, as though it enabled them to shift part of the moral burden they have borne for twenty-five years to another people's shoulders. Later, in Munich, when I asked a woman if she thought Brandt was the right man for the job as chancellor, she snapped: "Is Nixon?" And more than once I was warned that my country is going through the same phase of vulnerability that left Germany a pawn in Hitler's hands. I don't

St. Lorenz Church—miraculous survival.

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think the Germans wish it on us, but they use the line to get themselves off an old hook.

I asked Schatz, by way of raising the issue, whether there was anything left of the place where the Nuremberg Trials were held. He chuckled, as though he'd been waiting for the very question. "That's the one all Americans ask first," he said, and after telling me the building that had housed the trials was dismantled long ago, he bore into the matter on his own.

"There are three black marks on Nuremberg," he said, referring to the Nazi Party rallies that were held outside the city during the Thirties; the Nuremberg Laws, which spelled out the persecution of the Jews; and the war crimes trials. "This is our evil, this is what we have to live with," Schatz went on. "We never want to deny what happened, but we hope the world will realize we have something more to offer in our history, which has lasted for 900 years."

It was Schatz's idea to drive out to the southeast suburb of Dutzendteich, a sprawling meadowland to which hundreds of thousands of Germans flocked each year in late summer from 1933 to 1938 to hail the Führer as he convoked the party rally, or *Reichsparteitag*. On the way, Schatz talked of the city's plans to celebrate in 1971 the 500th anniversary of Albrecht Dürer's birth, an event it hopes will help to wipe out the stigma Nuremberg has borne since the war. Dürer lived in Nuremberg during its Golden Age, when the city stood at the crossroads of Europe's busiest commercial routes, turned out the finest in Franconian crafts, and produced such mastersingers as Hans Sachs. Nuremberg, almost devoid of Dürer works, intends to import a large collection of his woodcuts and paintings from museums abroad.

We pulled into Zeppelin Field, where the Germans once massed before their Nazi leaders in a spectacle of pagan drama. Today the broad grassy field has given way on one side to a rallying ground for motorcycle and auto devotees and on the other to a baseball diamond used by the Second Cavalry. Granite bleachers still ring the grounds, tall grass and dandelions growing between the cracks. We stood in a protruding box surrounded by a black railing from which Hitler had greeted the throngs.

"We know why he chose Nuremberg for the rallies," Schatz said. "It was because the emperors had come here in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries to hold their rallies. And Hitler called Nuremberg the most German of all our cities, because of its medieval construction."

Near the field stands a partially completed, all but abandoned Congress Hall, a massive coliseum of a building Hitler had intended to use for party meetings at the annual rallies. It hulks roofless beside a lake, like a Roman ruin. It is partly utilized for commercial storage, its granite mass considered too costly to dismantle. High-rise apartment buildings have begun to advance across the green acreage of Dutzendteich, an area once reserved for thousands of tents and wooden prefabs that sheltered Nazi pilgrims during the week-long assemblages. The rallies were held on the first week in September, when Bavarian weather is at its mildest. Munich has chosen the same season for the 1972 Olympics.

Heading back to the city, Schatz recalled those nights of fury when, as a boy growing up in Nuremberg, he watched fireworks lighting up the sky above Dutzendteich. Hitler would have called the 1939 meeting the Party Rally of Peace, but it never took place: The *Wehrmacht* rolled into Poland on September 1. Like all able-bodied *Kinder*, Schatz was a member of the Hitler Youth. "It was a terrible time," he said. "Our parents had to watch what they said so the children wouldn't go off to school and spill everything. There was no trust. But I tell you, the kids liked the Hitler Youth for the sports and games."

Schatz said he remembers with a lingering terror the bombing raids that wracked Nuremberg from 1942 to 1945, and particularly the crushing attack of January 2, 1945. "Nobody knows why they did it," he said. "By then, the bombs did not even have a psychological effect on us. On the day after the raid, I walked outside with my father. The houses had fallen in, and you couldn't see where the streets were. I saw so many bodies. I remember having no feelings of hate. My father was the same."

In the city, Schatz left me to my whim while he went off to finish his morning's work. I strolled along the Königstrasse, Nuremberg's main commercial street, in the spreading sunshine. One of the best postwar restoration jobs was done on the Gothic St. Lorenz Church, thanks to the generosity of Rush Kress, an American dime-store magnate whose ancestors had emigrated from the region in 1752. One of the church's two prized works of art is the sixty-two-foot stone sculpted tabernacle by Adam Kraft, a Nuremberger from the halcyon days. The pillar, on which he depicted himself holding up the balustrade, miraculously survived the air raids and was left supporting enough of the choir structure to make restoration feasible.

Across from the church, the Schrag

(*Continued on page* 51)

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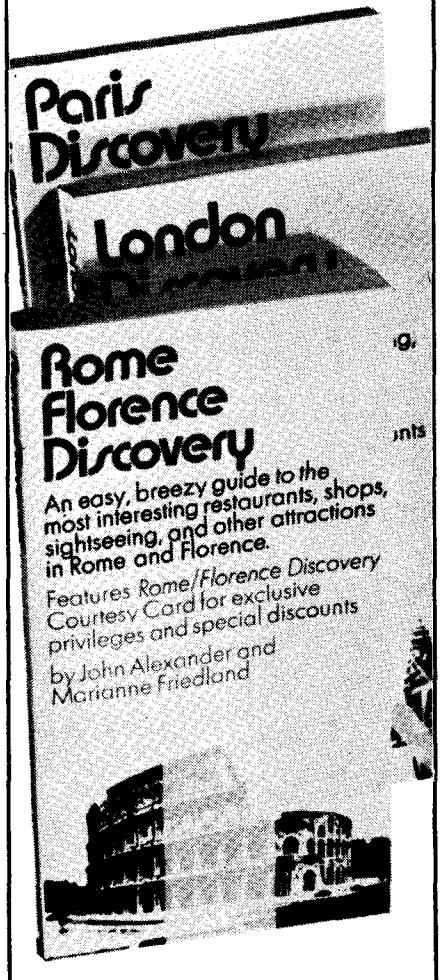
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ENVIRONMENT
and the Quality of Life

The Road-Tax Rebellion

When the automobile was a new and marvelously convenient and comfortable means of getting somewhere quickly, everyone was eager to build better roads to new places. To pay for the new roads, taxes were levied on the gasoline required to propel the autos. These taxes were no more popular than any others, and motorists wanted to keep them as low as possible. In response to popular feeling, the Congress in 1934 enacted the Hayden-Cartwright Act, declaring it to be "unfair and unjust to tax motor vehicle transportation unless the proceeds of such taxation are applied to the construction, improvement, or maintenance of highways." Twenty-eight states fell into line by amending their constitutions to forbid use of gas taxes for anything other than roads.

The situation was curious, for the rule ran only one way. No law provided that proceeds from other than gasoline taxes should *not* be spent on highway construction, improvement, and maintenance. As recently as 1966 (the latest year for which figures are readily available), local governments throughout the country spent over $3-billion for roads, and $1.2-billion of that came from property taxes and special assessments, another $1-billion from general fund appropriations.

Now that the number of automobiles has grown to such proportions as to clog roads of all kinds everywhere, not only reducing the convenience of highway travel but accounting for the largest fraction of atmospheric pollution, the solution of the transportation crisis can be seen to lie not in building still more roads but in moving larger numbers of people, in smaller numbers of vehicles, over the avenues of travel that are already in existence. The problem is to pay for new buses and railroad trains until they can begin to support themselves. Where is the money to come from?

An obvious source is the taxation now exclusively assigned to building more roads. Since the federal government pays 90 per cent of the cost of the interstate highway system while the states pay 10 per cent, a logical beginning would be to allocate to buses and railroads part of the $4-billion a year that today goes to interstate highways from the federal treasury. That annual $4-billion, however, is sequestered in a federal Highway Reserve Fund, which since 1956 has legally been restricted to paving the countryside ever more solidly with concrete.

John A. Volpe, Secretary of Transportation in President Richard Nixon's Cabinet, has talked of freeing the Highway Reserve Fund from its present strait jacket. Undersecretary James M. Beggs has publicly pointed out that "when a city or state has to choose between a highway that costs only 10 cents on the dollar and a mass transit system which costs 33 1/3 to 50 cents on the dollar" [since federal government capital grants for bus or railway vehicles cover only half to two-thirds of the cost], the judgment that follows is not likely to have much to do with the best way of moving people and goods. Senators Charles Percy of Illinois and Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts have recommended a National Transportation Trust Fund to finance a balanced transportation system for the nation. But powerful Congressional defenders of the road building tradition have declared their intent to preserve the highway tax anachronism.

It remains for the states to take the initiative. And, according to the latest issue of *State Government News*, a monthly publication of the Council of State Governments, they are doing so.

In California, state gasoline taxes total almost $1-billion a year, one-sixth of the entire state budget. Two-thirds of the members of the lower house of the California legislature are sponsoring a constitutional amendment to free that considerable sum for use in public transit systems and in control of air pollution caused by motor vehicles. Passage of the legislation by the California Assembly is therefore assured. Although the attitude of the state Senate is not favorable, Assembly approval will open the question to widespread public debate.

Laws addressed in varying degrees to the same ends as the California legislation have already been passed in Colorado, Hawaii, Illinois, Iowa, Kentucky, Ohio, and Virginia. Massachusetts Governor Francis W. Sargent has been pushing for use of gas taxes not only for mass transit but for replacement of homes demolished to make way for new transportation facilities.

Maryland's lawmakers have gone further than anyone else by setting up a comprehensive trust fund to finance all aspects of transportation in the state. Theirs was an especially statesman-like act because, by refusing to build any new roads this year, they gave up a $60-million share in federal subsidy.

As the news spreads and people throughout the country come to see how arbitrarily the future mobility of the nation, the cleansing of the air, and the preservation of the natural landscape are being threatened, Congress may be persuaded to draft a modern declaration of independence from capricious taxation.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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Physicians must adopt an environmental approach and begin to consider the effects of physical and chemical factors on health.

POLLUTION INVITES DISEASE

by DR. BERTRAM W. CARNOW

For more than 150 years the health profession has been preoccupied with infectious and biological causes of disease, neglecting most of the physical and chemical aspects. This was certainly justifiable in the early part of the twentieth century, when the major causes of disease were pneumonia, influenza, meningitis, and tuberculosis, and it is still justifiable in many areas of the world where these continue to be the major causes of illness and death. In the United States the increased standard of living, immunizations, and development of antibiotics have resulted in a sharp decrease in disease and deaths from those causes. But despite these great advances and a Gross National Product that will reach a trillion dollars in the near future, we find to our chagrin that longevity has not been affected. American males today can expect to live an average of 66.6 years, very little more than the average thirty years ago. In addition, we note that the population in twenty-three other countries live longer than we do.

The importance of physical and chemical factors in disease derives from the changes in disease patterns since the first half of the twentieth century, during which period the decline of infectious diseases was replaced by a sharp increase, especially in recent years, in essentially noninfectious killers such as heart disease, high blood pressure and stroke, cancer — particularly lung cancer — and chronic bronchitis and emphysema. These diseases not only are noninfectious in origin but have other common characteristics in that they seem to have multiple causes, develop quietly over a twenty- to thirty-year period, and when full blown are extremely difficult to treat.

Diseases of the heart and blood vessels, which were responsible for 20 per cent of deaths in the United States in the early 1900s, caused more than half of the deaths in 1962. More than a half-million of these were the result of coronary heart disease, usually in the form of heart attack. Lung cancer, a rarity thirty years ago, has become the greatest single cause of death from cancer in American males, killing more persons than all other cancer types combined. There were 48,000 such deaths in 1967 and will be a projected 51,000 this year. In addition, this disease, even more rare among women thirty years ago, was the cause of almost 10,000 deaths of women in 1967. A third example is emphysema with or without bronchitis, which has doubled every five years since World War II. In the last year of record almost 30,000 deaths have been recorded from this disease, and it is thought to be an associated cause in more than 60,000 others. All these diseases have risen to almost epidemic proportions, and the search for causes in an attempt to prevent their occurrence has led to much more serious consideration of physical and chemical factors in disease.

The recognition of the role of air pollution as more than a nuisance developed with the findings in industrial workers of diseases caused by inhaling large concentrations of materials in the air. Scarring and destruction of the lungs have been found in cotton workers (byssinosis), foundry workers (silicosis), and coal miners (pneumoconiosis), to name a few. Lung cancer was also found to occur with abnormally high frequency in workers exposed to uranium, nickel, chromates, and asbestos. An even greater number of workers developed lung cancer if they smoked cigarettes. Investigation into the relationship of inhaled pollutants to disease in the general population usually has resulted in the development of a significant body of knowledge regarding health effects.

Cigarette smoking appears to be a major factor in the epidemic rise of lung cancer; however, smokers living in polluted cities have a much higher rate of lung cancer than those living in rural areas. In addition, studies of emigrants from London to New Zealand and from many countries to Israel show a direct correlation between lung cancer and pollution levels in the countries from which they came. Cigarette smoking and air pollution present different problems, however, in that cigarette smoking is a voluntary form of pollution and is usually a habit engaged in by those most physically fit to handle its impact. Urban air pollution, on the other hand, while variable in intensity, is continuous and affects everyone including the very young, the aged, the chronically ill, and others who might not smoke cigarettes.

The two major sources of air pollution in our industrial cities are the auto, which produces over ninety million tons of pollutants each year, and the burning of fossil fuels. Much of this pollution is concentrated in the large cities. Auto pollutants include carbon monoxide, nitrogen compounds, oxidants, hydrocarbons, and lead. The consumption of large quantities of fossil fuel for power and heating, particularly soft coal but also including high sulphur oil, results in the production of almost sixty million tons of pollutants in the United States, principally sulphur dioxide and tiny particulate matter.

That air pollution can kill has been well documented in the widely publicized episodes of the Meuse Valley in Belgium, Donora in Pennsylvania, London in 1952 and 1962, and New York City in 1953. These episodes occur infrequently and in themselves are of limited importance; however, they do point up the fact that such unrestricted air pollution can cause death. In addition, studies of the episodes, particularly the 1952 one in London in which

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—*Illustration from "The Graphic Work of M. C. Escher," courtesy Hawthorn Books, Inc.*

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more than 4,500 excess deaths were recorded over a ten-day period, revealed that certain groups in the population were much more sensitive and susceptible to pollutants than others. These were in particular older people with heart and lung disease, asthmatics, and very young children. Those with heart disease died on the first day of the episodes, and those with existing lung disease began to die on the third day with the maximum number of deaths occurring after a week. The insidious nature of pollution effects was revealed five years after the 1953 New York episode, when a statistical analysis noted the occurrence of 260 excess deaths in one day in 1953. Investigation revealed that these deaths appeared to be directly related to unusually high sulphur dioxide pollution levels on that day. It is interesting that in a city of seven million inhabitants the premature deaths of 260 individuals were not even noticed; but, then, the deceased were those who might have been expected to die. It is clear from these episodes that in addition to whatever else it does, air pollution acts as a death accelerator in "high-risk" individuals.

Another high-risk group is represented by those with allergic tendencies. Numerous cases of allergic individuals suffering acute attacks of sinusitis or asthma during periods of high pollution have been documented. In New Orleans small epidemics of asthma appeared to be related to smoldering hemp in a large dump at one end of the city. Three hundred cases were treated at Charity Hospital, and nine deaths from "New Orleans asthma" were recorded in one week. Other cities having industries that produce various materials to which people are allergic have also reported the sporadic incidence of asthma. In Minneapolis a relationship was noted between acute attacks of asthma and changes in wind direction. Attacks increased when the wind bearing grain dust came from the direction of large grain storage bins. Another apparently allergic disorder is known as Tokyo-Yokohama asthma. Nine hundred American GIs stationed in the Tokyo-Yokohama complex in the Kanto Plains, a highly industrialized area, were found to have a serious type of asthma that was unresponsive to normal treatment. While many of these men had no previous history of asthma, all of them were heavy smokers. They got immediate relief when taken up in an airplane, but when they landed or returned to the area after being away for periods of time, they had immediate difficulty in breathing, which suggests an allergic response rather than a direct response to chemical pollution. Documentation of the effects of air pollutants on allergic individuals, except for dust, molds, and pollens, is virtually nonexistent. Further, persons with allergies or asthma find little reassurance from the fact that 500 to 700 new chemicals are produced each year with the result that many additional pollutants pour continuously from industrial smokestacks.

While adequate documentation is lacking, the nature of the effects of air pollution suggests that those living in the inner cities and slums of large urban centers also constitute a high-risk group. These are the urban areas that have high pollution levels because they are close to industrial sites and because in them there are frequent garbage burning, use of low-grade fuels, and old automobiles with low-efficiency combustion engines that produce an increased amount of pollutants. Accompanying this increase in pollution are the additional factors of inaccessibility of medical care, poor nutrition, poor heating, overcrowding, and a multiplicity of other factors, which combine to make inner-city populations particularly susceptible. The part air pollution plays in the noticeably higher infant mortality rate and diminished life span of black people in urban centers deserves much greater consideration.

The effects of air pollution have been documented in widely separated areas. Japanese children living in highly polluted regions showed an increase in acute respiratory symptoms, particularly cough, sputum, and decreased lung function, as compared with other children living in areas of low pollution. Emphysema patients in a Los Angeles hospital had an increase in symptoms when the Los Angeles air was introduced into the room as compared to when they were breathing clean air. And studies carried out in Chicago on more than 500 individuals with chronic bronchitis showed that older people with this disease had twice as many days of acute chest illness when the sulphur dioxide level was high as compared with days when it was low.

Chronic effects of air pollution also have been documented. A study of London postmen showed that those living in northeast London, the most polluted part of the city, not only had a higher rate of acute chest illness than other postmen but also had an earlier and more frequent rate of retirement because of chronic lung disease. In addition, during the 1952 London episode a higher death rate was recorded in the northeast area than in other sections of London, suggesting that air pollution not only was a major cause of the bronchitis but also acted as a death accelerator. This would appear to be confirmed by studies made in Chicago, Nashville, and Buffalo that seem to indicate a relationship between death rates and levels of pollution. In all of the above studies, sulphur dioxide and tiny particulates were the pollutants that appeared to be involved. It is thought that sulphur dioxide acts by attaching itself to the tiny particles, is inhaled and is then released in the lungs at the level of the small air passages. In addition, sulphur dioxide under conditions of high humidity can rapidly convert to sulphuric acid mist, an extremely irritating substance.

Experimental studies suggest that

"Good morning, fellow ecologists."

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nitrogen compounds and ozone from automobiles act much as does sulphur dioxide and are even more irritating. All of them tend to interfere with the clearing mechanisms of the lungs, paralyzing or destroying tiny little hairlike projections in the air passages called cilia that escalate impurities out of the lungs. These pollutants also cause spasm of the air passages, increasing the difficulty of getting the air in and out of the lungs and causing an increased production of mucus, which may block the air passages with infection that may develop behind these blocked passages. This can be particularly serious in tiny infants, whose air passages are already narrow, and in those with bronchitis or emphysema, whose lungs have already been partially destroyed.

Carbon monoxide acts differently to interfere with body functions, and its fatal effects in high doses are well known. It combines much more rapidly with the hemoglobin of the red blood cell than oxygen does. Red blood cells are then unable to carry oxygen for at least twelve hours. In congested areas of large cities this can result in removing 5 to 10 per cent of the blood supply from the effective circulation. This occurs to an even greater degree in cigarette smokers who are exposed to intermittent doses of carbon monoxide in extremely high concentrations. While the decrease in oxygen-carrying blood may not be significant in a normal young adult, it can be a serious health hazard for premature infants or individuals already suffering from oxygen loss from the heart and lungs. Although most body tissues extract only 25 per cent of the oxygen from the blood, the heart muscle requires almost 70 per cent. So there is very little margin of safety.

In addition to these acute effects, chronic effects of carbon monoxide on the heart are suggested by experiments carried out in rabbits. Animals fed high cholesterol diets, similar to the diet of many Americans, and which were exposed to high levels of carbon monoxide showed a marked increase in hardening of the arteries of the heart when compared to animals not so exposed. This combination of chronic and acute effects may be a factor along with high cholesterol diets and cigarette smoking in the epidemic increase in coronary artery disease, although much more documentation is needed to determine whether this is so.

There are, of course, other pollutants that contaminate the air. Lead from automobiles has become a world-wide contaminant whose traces have been found as far away as in the snows of the Andes and in Antarctica. The effect of the high-lead levels in urban dwellers has not been adequately studied, especially with regard to lead poisoning in children and kidney and blood diseases in adults. It should be noted, however, that, while approximately 5 per cent of the lead orally ingested is absorbed, more than 40 per cent of the lead inhaled gets into the body, and it has been shown that city dwellers have a much higher level of lead in their bodies than those living in rural areas.

High blood pressure or hypertension is a very common disease in the United States and is a major factor in diseases of the heart and strokes. In approximately 10 per cent of those suffering from hypertension, underlying kidney disease is known as the cause. Ninety per cent, however, are diagnosed as suffering from idiopathic or primary hypertension, which is synonymous with "cause not known." A recent epidemic of high blood pressure in teenagers in Australia was found to be secondary to kidney destruction. Investigation showed that the damaged kidneys resulted from drinking rain water gathered from leaded downspouts. Again, one might speculate as to the possible relationship between the lead levels in large city populations and hypertension.

In regard to the sharp rise in lung cancer in city dwellers, benzopyrene from automobile exhausts and the burning of coal will cause this disease to occur in experimental animals. Asbestos, a known producer of lung cancer, is now being found in the lungs of city dwellers with no known exposure to the substance. This undoubtedly results from the use of asbestos in brake linings and from the spraying of asbestos as insulation at construction sites. Less consideration has been given to carbon black from tires and asphalt from roadbeds, both of which are also capable of producing lung cancer experimentally.

Pesticides are another group of air contaminants that have built up over the entire world and whose health effects have not been adequately documented. Finally, in regard to air pollution, the greatest concern must be expressed regarding radioactive pollutants, potentially the most dangerous of all since their release into the environment cannot be reversed and many remain in the air for a long time. Strontium 90, for example, with a half-life of thirty-five years, while present in small amounts in air, concentrates first in grass, then in the cow, then in the milk, then in the baby, and finally in the baby's bone. It will be some time before the effects of this substance on the bone, iodine 131 on the thyroid, and radioactive cesium 137 on muscle can be assessed. It is known, however, that uranium workers have a high rate of lung cancer and that in Hiroshima, twenty-five years after the atom bomb, there is still a higher than normal incidence of leukemia and abnormal births. This has not, however, halted the development of new and extensive facilities for the production of nuclear power with their attendant release of radioactive materials.

Concern with the health effects of water pollution is likewise great. We have been correctly concerned with bacterial contamination of water and have conquered typhoid and other similar diseases. Little regard has been given, however, to viruses such as the one that causes hepatitis, and to a large degree they are not removed by sewage treatment plants. Many epidemics of hepatitis have been documented, tracing the disease to the eating of contaminated shellfish, which concentrate the hepatitis virus. This disease is characterized by an iceberg phenomenon; that is, for every apparent case it is estimated that there are many more mild cases that go undetected. One might also speculate on the role of the hepatitis virus as a possible factor along with alcohol in cirrhosis of the liver, one of the highest causes of death in the third decade of life. Again, this is purely speculative, but there has been no documentation or investigation of these factors.

Present water treatment plants remove few if any chemicals from the water. Only recently has any consideration been given to these substances. A case in point is mercury, which has been found at two to four times the toxic level in fish in Lake Erie, and at near toxic levels in fish in the Wisconsin River. The fish have concentrated the mercury in the water because they are at the end of the food chain. In addition to eating the fish, what about those who drink the water? Mercury is a cumulative poison and slowly destroys brain tissue and the kidneys, among other organs. Could it, too, be a factor in the rising incidence of men-

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FOR GLOBAL INITIATIVE

The United Nations must do much more than is now being done to deal with world-wide pollution.

by RICHARD N. GARDNER

The United Nations has been painfully slow in coming to grips with environmental problems. For years selected aspects of the human environment were dealt with rather ineffectively by various specialized agencies, with no overall direction and no real sense of urgency. In his address to the General Assembly in September 1963, the late President John F. Kennedy tried to change all this. He called for a global effort to defend the human environment; to "protect the forest and wild game preserves now in danger of extinction; to improve the marine harvests of food from our oceans; and to prevent the contamination of air and water by industrial as well as nuclear pollution." Nobody at the United Nations responded. And when President Kennedy died nine weeks later, his hopeful initiative was quietly shelved by the Johnson administration.

Not until 1968 was the defense of the human environment again brought before the General Assembly. The Swedish delegation took its historic action then in proposing the conference now scheduled for Stockholm in 1972.

A U.N. response to the environmental challenge is imperative. While some measures to deal with the environment can be taken by individual nations alone, there are resources that do not belong entirely to any nation—the sea, certain lakes and rivers, migratory animals. Effective management of these resources requires international cooperation. Even management of the environment within the confines of a single nation may benefit from the sharing of national experiences.

Moreover, we are finally beginning to recognize that how a nation deals with its national environment is no longer its own business and nobody else's. We are beginning to comprehend the unity of the world's ecological system, which means that all nations may be affected by how any one of them treats its air, water, and land. We are gradually awakening to the realization that all mankind depends on the same scarce and relatively shrinking resource pool, and therefore has an interest in the wise husbanding of resources, wherever they may be located. And business firms around the world are beginning to see that they cannot accept the additional costs of antipollution measures unless their overseas competitors do the same.

For all these reasons, the international community will be increasingly involved in environmental issues, even those that have hitherto been regarded as "domestic." Indeed, the most powerful impetus to world order may no longer be the threat of nuclear war, but rather the urgent necessity of new transnational measures to protect the global environment.

What exactly can the United Nations do about environmental problems? Let me make a few suggestions:

To begin with, it could undertake a massive program to educate the world's people, particularly political leaders, on the problems of the environment. It could sponsor joint research efforts and studies. It could finance the training of specialists to handle different environmental problems.

It could organize a world-wide observation network, using observation satellites and other new technology to monitor the world's environment on a continuing basis, and it could operate a service for the evaluation and dissemination of this information to all nations.

It could encourage the negotiation of international agreements providing for firm antipollution and other environmental commitments so that nations and industries accepting their environmental responsibilities suffer no com-

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"Carol, let's face it. We have an environmental crisis of our own."

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Population size has a marked impact on environment, especially in an industrially developed country like the United States.

THE PEOPLE PROBLEM

by PAUL R. EHRLICH and JOHN P. HOLDREN

Opposite points of view concerning the relationship in this country between population size and the environment have recently been expressed in these pages. According to one view, the United States is one of the most overpopulated countries in the world. That conclusion is based on the enormous stress our affluent population exerts on the environment and on the Earth's store of resources. The other view, espoused by some economists and demographers and at least one prominent biologist, holds that environmental deterioration in the United States is due primarily to the misuse of technology, with population growth having only a minor effect. The implied conclusion is that the current concern with population size and growth rate in the United States is misdirected.

We wish the environmental problem (which is only one of many reasons for halting population growth in the United States) were really this simple, but it is not. Rather, if there is to be any chance of success, we must mount *simultaneous* assaults on many fronts. We must curb extravagant affluence (for example, 300-horsepower automobiles), economic growth for growth's sake (planned obsolescence), the accelerating conversion of resources into waste ("disposable" everything), the application of massive technology toward ill-considered goals (the California water project, the SST), ecologically absurd practices (present fertilizer and pesticide abuses), *and* population growth itself. The contention that it will suffice to attack any one of these areas alone, or any combination not including the last, is naïve and misleading. We will discuss here three of the fallacious assumptions on which that contention rests.

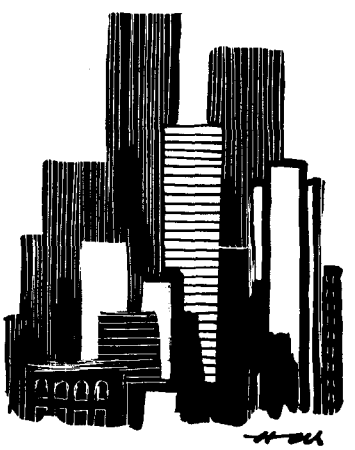
Assumption I. *A 1 per cent increase in population generates a 1 per cent increase in man's impact on the environment.* The proponents of the "no-population-problem" position are mesmerized by statistics demonstrating that some forms of pollution in the United States have increased by several hundred per cent since 1940, while population has increased only about 55 per cent. Presumably, they would conclude that if population had remained stationary since 1940, pollution would be reduced by "only" 35 per cent from today's level (55/155=35 per cent). But 35 per cent of the 1970 impact is, in absolute terms, an enormous load on the environment. So, even if Assumption I were correct, it is clear that complacency about the population-pollution relationship is unjustified.

In fact, however, an increment of population growth in today's industrial nations has a highly *magnified* impact on the environment. For example, urban areas tend to expand into adjacent prime agricultural land, ultimately leading to more intensive farming of more remote and less suitable regions. This means increases in *per capita* use of fertilizers and pesticides, and more transportation systems for these manufactured inputs and the produce. Other essentials of existence must be extracted from resources already past the point of diminishing returns. One pertinent example is the disproportionate amount of dollars, energy, and environmental havoc associated with supplying water to an increment of population anywhere in the southwestern United States; others include moving to ever lower grades of mineral ores (chewing up more earth per pound of metal required), and perilously extracting oil from geologically or ecologically unstable regions (the Santa Barbara Channel, Alaska's North Slope).

Simple "thought-experiments" demonstrating the absurdity of Assumption I are also readily devised. Imagine two cities of a million inhabitants each, connected by ten miles of freeway. Suppose a 50 per cent population increase in the area is absorbed in the form of a third city of the same size, ten miles equidistant from each of the other two. If the obvious additional freeways are built, we see that a 50 per cent increase in population has stimulated a 200 per cent increase in freeway mileage. The real world, of course, is more complicated than this.

Assumption II. *Adverse effects of man's activities can be reduced virtually to zero.* Pollution can be said to be the result of multiplying three factors: population size, per capita consumption, and an "environmental impact" index that measures, in part, how wisely we apply the technology that goes with the consumption. The wiser we are, the smaller the index. Those who contend that environmental deterioration is unrelated to population growth can only do so by claiming that this index (and hence the total pollution by a population of any size) can be reduced for all practical purposes to zero. Since this is demonstrably impossible, the case against the importance of population size collapses on this account alone.

To begin with, the ways in which we can reduce our impact (for example, changes in power sources, transport systems, sewage treatment, and the use of fertilizers and pesticides) are far from perfect; most attempts to eliminate pollution really only shift and redistribute it. For instance, the switch from fossil-fueled to nuclear electrical generating plants replaces conventional air pollutants with low-level emissions of radioactivity, and it results in an additional burden of incredibly toxic, concentrated wastes to be disposed of. Similarly, the incinerating of garbage pollutes the air, smog-control additives and devices normally increase some emissions while reducing others, and a return to reusable containers will increase use of polluting detergents. Moreover, there is an ultimate and inescapable pollutant associated with man's activities, for the laws of thermodynamics dictate that all the energy we consume will ultimately be degraded to waste heat. The ecological



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and climatological consequences of this problem are already important in cities and areas near power plants, and will eventually become globally significant. We emphasize in this connection that the technological control of other forms of pollution has a cost in energy, and the cost increases sharply as one tries to reduce the pollutant concentrations to arbitrarily low levels. Clearly, even if we knew enough about the intricacies of the ecosystem to do everything right (which we do not), a finite impact—proportional to population—would still remain.

Elementary biological considerations lead to the same conclusion. As organisms with needs for food, air, water, and waste disposal, we *must* interact with our environment, and whether these interactions produce unacceptable changes in the biosphere depends on the adequacy of natural systems to buffer them. In other words, pollution is a quantitative as well as a qualitative problem: Having biodegradable effluents will buy us nothing once the capacity of the available "bio's" is exhausted. Abundant evidence of malfunction in the world's ecosystems suggests we are already perilously close to that point.

Assumption III. *Of all the possible attacks on pollution, population control will be the slowest to take effect; it should therefore be assigned lowest priority.* Because of the enormous inertia in human attitudes, and because of the high proportion of young people in the United States (the ranks of persons in the reproductive ages will soon swell), it is true that even dramatic advances in population control will be slow to bring the growth rate to zero. But to argue that this means we should defer action on population control is twisted logic at best. Precisely because population control is the slowest and most difficult to yield among the components of environmental deterioration, we must start on it at once and with vigor. Such action need not divert attention from the necessary broadside attack on the symptoms of pollution; we must find the resources and the skills to do both, for any success with the symptoms increases the odds that the ecosystem can endure the lag between initiation and success of measures to stabilize population. But to ignore population control today because the problem is a tough one is to commit ourselves to even gloomier prospects twenty years hence, when most of the "easy" tricks to reduce per capita impact on the environment will have been exhausted. The desperate measures for population control that might be contemplated then are reasons in themselves to proceed with foresight and alacrity today.

Citizen participation in the planning for urban renewal works best when ground rules have been spelled out in advance.

GETTING INTO THE ACT

by WOLF VON ECKARDT

In the mid-Sixties, in the face of mounting frustration in the inner city, America's urban blacks confronted what they called "the power structure" and demanded citizen participation in urban renewal.

There can be no question but that the local citizenry ought to participate in those planning decisions that may tear down their homes, put a freeway through their front yards, or otherwise disturb their neighborhoods and lives. This idea has justly come to be viewed as something of an inalienable right. And, although highway builders in most instances still insist on bulldozing their way past all objections, urban renewers now insist on citizen participation and "community involvement." Often they even finance it.

The trouble is that for all their talk about an orderly "planning and decision-making process," the urban renewers have set no ground rules or deadlines, and have no "Robert's Rules of Order" to make citizen participation meaningful and constructive. As a result, what little is done to plan and build a more livable urban environment more often than not gets bogged down in endless, noisy donnybrooks. In the ghetto, furthermore, citizen participation tends to become confused with a struggle for black power as an end in itself.

An exception may be the endeavors of the Reverend Walter E. Fauntroy in the Shaw area of Washington, D.C., just north of the downtown business district, where 45,000 inhabitants live in 145 badly deteriorated city blocks. Fauntroy, a boyish-looking Baptist minister and civil rights leader, has turned the idea of citizen participation around. In his view, the government is participating in a people's effort. He has, as he put it, "made the government understand that people in the ghetto can do their own thing." The ghetto residents are represented by what Fauntroy calls the Model Inner City Citizens Organization, or MICCO, whose membership includes churches, labor unions, business groups, PTAs, and similar groups in the area. Their own thing is "nonviolent land reform," which means that the government with its power of eminent domain takes slum land from absentee landlords—among them a British owner—so that nonprofit neighborhood corporations can build on it.

MICCO's small planning staff, led by a recent MIT graduate, drew up the plan, and Fauntroy's organization makes sure that it is carried out with a minimum of displacement and other hardships. The government is paying

Washington's "showcase" Fort Lincoln project now lingers in limbo.

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the $30-million bill. After five years of turmoil, the first rehabilitated houses have been completed, and several new town houses and apartment buildings are now under construction, planned, designed, and being built by blacks. Whether MICCO can avoid some of the mistakes of the old kind of government urban renewal remains to be seen. The Shaw experiment already has made one mistake: It perpetuates the ghetto or, as some call it, the "downtown plantation." But few power groups give blacks any other choice.

President Johnson, however, tried to. In August 1967 he called for the construction of a new, racially and economically integrated community for 25,000 persons at Fort Lincoln, a vacant, 330-acre tract on the edge of Washington, D.C. It was to be a real showcase of socially concerned urban design with industrially produced housing, an exemplary new school system, built-in minirail transportation, and a host of other innovations.

For a whole year obstructionist black power agitation embroiled Fort Lincoln in a near-fatal controversy. Three or four black leaders, each backed by his own citizen group, bickered noisily over which of them should represent the residents of a town that did not, of course, even exist. The government subsidized the farce. The leading role was played by a real estate operator who specializes in middle-income properties in the Fort Lincoln area and who did not want any poor people living in the vicinity.

Mayor Walter Washington, who desperately wants the project to be built, was finally forced to stop the ludicrous performance by withdrawing funds from the quarreling citizen groups. Fort Lincoln is now lingering in a bureaucratic limbo under consideration by the Department of Housing and Urban Development.

And then there is the silly kind of citizen participation where people sit in church basements and get high on sociological jargon. Some planners love these sessions, deluding themselves into thinking they can learn from them what people *really* want. In a pamphlet about citizen involvement in the design of school buildings one planner wrote: "There is always present [at such meetings] an atmosphere of hyperactivity; and dialogue taking place in a climate of creative combustion. . . ."

I have attended a number of these meetings with all their "tell it like it is" shouting about "relevance." I found hyperactivity and combustion galore. But creativity? The only remotely creative contributions have come from young architects or other experts who thought them up not in an atmosphere of hyperactivity but one of quiet and serious study.

A few years ago some young idealists devised a way to further constructive citizen participation by offering neighborhood ghetto groups free professional advice. They called their idea "advocacy planning," and a number of anti-Establishment planners, architects, sociologists, and economists volunteered to help the neighborhood people by exposing the "trickery" of the Establishment. The whites among the volunteers were quickly sent packing by black militants on the grounds that no "damned" white liberals were needed. A very few black advocacy planners, usually endowed by foundation grants, are doing excellent work in Harlem and elsewhere. But many more, mostly students, seem to think that they can rebuild the ghettos with slogans coined by Chairman Mao and Malcolm X.

The idea of citizen participation is not the exclusive property of the black revolution. The British, for example, have incorporated it in their planning legislation. But they have worked out rules for it. Under these rules, British planners make a clear distinction between goals and the practical means for attaining them.

First the British ask their official planning agencies to work out two or more alternative goals. Along with those proposals, the experts in the government planning offices must furnish comprehensive arguments for and against each suggested goal.

That information is then presented to the public at large, not just to special groups and organizations, for a three-month discussion period. Pamphlets and other printed materials are sent to everyone involved, and the proposals are discussed on radio, TV, and at public lectures, and are written up in newspapers. At the end of the three-month period, public hearings are held and the elected government officials—usually members of the county council—select one of the alternative goals. The planners then go back to work to develop several alternative means for achieving the selected goal, and those alternatives, in turn, are presented to the public for another three-month discussion period. Following the second public discussion, the elected officials pick the means that will be used to achieve the goal.

The British system takes time. And its massive public distribution of information takes money. But in the long run an orderly, firmly scheduled planning procedure takes less time and money than are wasted in endless hassles and power struggles. And the British system keeps city planning not only responsive to the wishes of those concerned but also responsible.

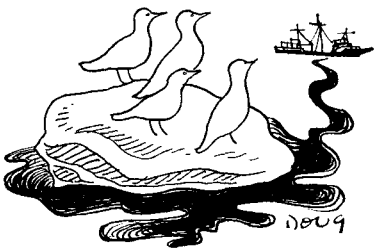
Global Initiative

Continued from page 41

petitive disadvantage in international trade.

It could insure that multilateral aid programs are carried forward with due regard for their environmental implications, and could encourage the application of environmental safeguards in bilateral aid. (Downstream erosion from the Aswan Dam, we now discover, may wash away as much productive farm land as is opened by the new irrigation systems around Lake Nasser.)

Finally, it could establish a U.N. pro-



gram for the world's heritage, including now threatened scenic, historic, and natural resources, the survival of which is a matter of concern to all mankind.

Obviously, each nation should be free to decide whether or not to nominate a property within its territory for inclusion in the program for the world heritage. At the same time, the community of nations should be free to decide whether or not to accept the nomination.

Countries whose resources were included in the program for the world heritage would gain the advantage of international advice and financial aid in their development, with consequent benefits to their economies as a whole. And the world community would be in a position to safeguard unique and irreplaceable resources—Venice, Angkor Wat, some of the great wildlife reserves of Africa—in which all mankind has a common interest.

If the United Nations is to act effectively on environmental problems, a central group of distinguished scientists must be established under the General Assembly and the Economic and Social Council (ECOSOC) to evaluate and help coordinate the work of the different U.N. agencies active in this area. The historic pattern of functional specialization contains the danger that ecological interrelationships may not be adequately considered. For example, the Food and Agriculture Organization may vote, as it recently did, to continue use of DDT; but this question needs to be looked at by a group whose thinking is not mainly centered on agricultural productivity. An "overview" committee of experts could take a broader view in evaluating the impli-

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cations for the environment of new as well as existing scientific discoveries.

If the United Nations is to act effectively on environmental problems, the General Assembly and ECOSOC, acting on the advice of a new environmental committee, will need to have real power to direct the work of the specialized agencies—a power that does not exist today. In environment as well as in development, the major U.N. contributors are likely to grow impatient with the historic organizational pattern in which closely related questions are dealt with in piecemeal fashion by U.N. bureaucracies competitive with and often hostile to one another.

Awareness of the U.N.'s shortcomings has already led some to seek a substitute means of dealing with environmental problems. Writing in the April 1970 issue of *Foreign Affairs*, George Kennan proposed the creation of an International Environmental Agency run by the rich countries of the world. This proposal, I believe, is unrealistic and politically naïve. The developed countries of the world control less than half of the world's land area. They have no authority to legislate for the territory controlled by others, or for the oceans and polar regions that are beyond national jurisdiction. The notion that recommendations or decisions taken on the global environment in a "club" of developed countries would carry sufficient legitimacy to determine the actions of the rest of the world is wholly fanciful to anyone familiar with contemporary developments in international organization.

Although most of the world's pollution is now done by the advanced countries, the actions of the less developed countries can have serious effects on the global environment. As they press forward with their own plans for development, it is vital to the general welfare and their own that they not make all the same mistakes that we have made. Rich and poor countries alike, for example, must be concerned if Middle East countries permit oil pollution as a result of drilling off their coasts, or if African countries permit the destruction of their wildlife and natural resources.

Mr. Kennan is also wrong, I think, in urging that the environmental agency be run by scientists. There is no choice but to engage all nations, developed and less developed, at the political level, where firm commitments to national action can be made.

I hope the United States government will not be tempted to bypass the United Nations on the environment in favor of smaller, more comfortable forums. It was inappropriate, in my view, for President Nixon to make his first concrete proposal for international cooperation on the environment in NATO. As an organization of limited membership, whose principal function is military defense against the Soviet Union, NATO is not well-suited to be the centerpiece of our effort in this field.

The global environment concerns all nations, regardless of national, ideological, or racial differences. It offers new opportunities to transcend these differences and to form a global partnership in which we and the Soviet Union take a leading role. Some work on the environment can be usefully undertaken in such regional agencies as NATO and OECD, but a universal problem needs a universal system of organization to deal with it. The U.N. system, including its regional commissions and specialized agencies, is the nearest thing to a universal system we have. The 1972 Stockholm Conference on the Environment will provide an unusual opportunity to make the system more universal by admitting mainland China and divided states. Let us at least urge the United Nations to invite the Peking regime, the two Germanys, the two Vietnams, and the two Koreas to participate in the Stockholm meeting.

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—*Marya Mannes, New York Times Book Review*[2]

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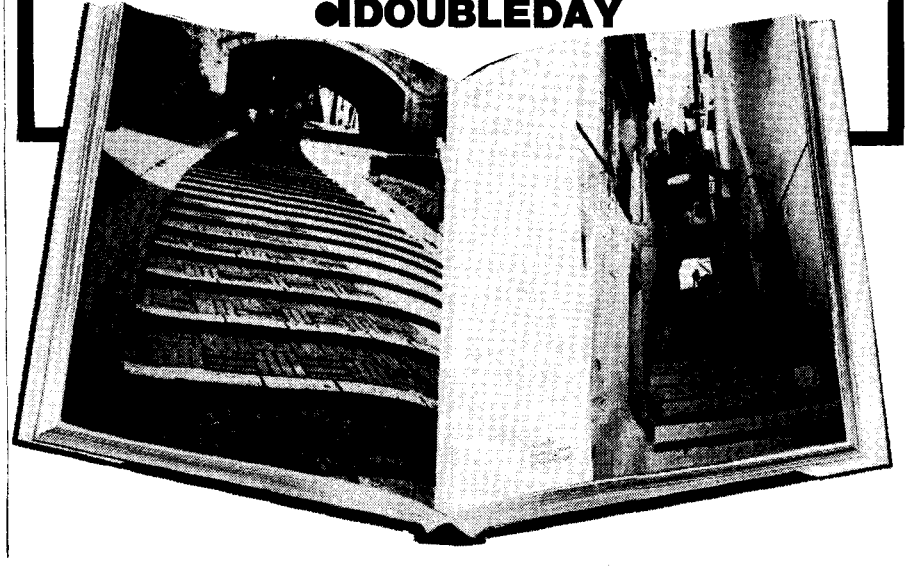

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Earth Watch

World-Wide Environment Notes

Strip Mines Banned

HINDMAN, KY.

IN WHAT is believed to be the first such action taken in the United States, the Knott County legislative council has voted to outlaw coal strip mining in this mountainous eastern Kentucky county. The vote was three to two.

Some legal experts contend that only the state has the power to act in these matters, and the county council's authority is expected to be challenged by the coal industry. Industry officials expressed the opinion that the prohibition would not be sustained in a court test. If it should be, conservationists would win their long-standing battle to protect the land from erosion caused by surface mining. And the strip-mining industry in Kentucky and neighboring West Virginia would face a serious crisis.

Vermont Takes the Lead

MONTPELIER, VT.

SOME OF THE toughest environmental enforcement laws in the nation are now in effect in Vermont. They include the following:

- A water-control law, patterned on the pay-as-you-pollute concept of water management that has proved so successful in the Ruhr Valley of Western Germany, to fine polluters on a daily basis for befouling lakes, rivers, and streams.
- A bill to control the use of pesticides that gives the state the power to ban the use of DDT beginning in 1971.
- A bill that regulates the number of trailer parks.
- A bill that limits the development of high-elevation land in the ski areas where the soil cannot absorb sewage.

In addition, several state departments and agencies have been merged into a new Department of the Environment, and a new Environmental Studies Institute has been established.

Runaway Cleanup

PITTSFIELD, MASS.

WITH ONE EYE on promotion and the other on good works, the First Agricultural National Bank of Berkshire County in Pittsfield offered to pay youngsters under eighteen a penny for each used can and bottle picked up along roadways and other public places in the county during a five-day period.

Several hundred thousand youngsters responded. They pressed their parents into service as chauffeurs and fanned out all over Berkshire County from the Vermont border in the north to the Connecticut border in the south. Long lines of can-and-bottle deliverers grew at the three collection places. Even senior bank officials were called on to help unload the refuse. Some 1,180,000 bottles and cans were collected.

The bank had budgeted $2,500 for its campaign. The bill came to $11,800.32 for the collection alone. In addition, the bottles and cans were trucked at the bank's expense to local dumps for burial. "If the campaign is repeated next year," a bank official said, "it will run for one day only."

Olin Drops DDT

HUNTSVILLE, ALA.

OLIN CORPORATION stopped manufacturing DDT on June 30. For the past sixteen years the company has turned out between twenty-five and thirty million pounds of the pesticide per year, about 20 per cent of the total amount of DDT made in the United States. Production took place in buildings leased from the federal government at the Army's Redstone Arsenal near Huntsville.

The company announced its DDT shutdown on June 8, three days after three conservation organizations filed suit in the Federal District Court in Washington asking that Olin be enjoined from discharging effluent that they claimed contained illegally high amounts of DDT into water flowing into Wheeler National Wildlife Refuge and the reservoir from which the city of Decatur, Alabama, gets its drinking water. The plaintiffs were the Environmental Defense Fund, the National Audubon Society, and the National Wildlife Federation.

Federal standards restrict DDT plant emissions to ten parts per billion parts of water. Olin spokesmen said the company had been operating "substantially below" that limit and that the coincidence of dates was purely circumstantial. The decision to halt production was actually made on May 12, the company said, and was based in part on the belief that the government might ban all DDT production within a few years. The announcement was held up while negotiations concerning the termination of Olin's lease with the government were completed.

Insects to Replace Insecticides

COLLEGE STATION, TEX.

NEARLY HALF of all the insecticides used in the United States are applied to cotton. One of the chief chemicals used is DDT. But as DDT is phased out and resistance to other pesticides mounts, substitutes must be found to protect the crop from destruction.

One approach is the development of biological controls, and researchers at the U.S. Department of Agriculture Research Laboratory here working with others at the Southwest Research Institute in San Antonio and sponsored by the Cotton Producers Institute believe they may have come up with a workable biological substitute—the green lacewing, a flying insect whose immature stage is a natural and ferocious predator of one of the most destructive cotton pests, the bollworm.

The larval stage of the green lacewing feeds naturally on the eggs and larvae of the bollworm. In order to raise enough lacewing larvae to make them an economic control it was necessary to devise an inexpensive substitute for their natural food. The researchers accordingly developed an artificial diet composed of protein, sugar, vitamins, minerals, and lipids suspended in water. The dietary fluid was then encapsulated in artificial eggs with a diameter of about twenty-thousandths of an inch to be fed to the lacewing larvae on a mass scale.

Having thus solved the problem of rearing large numbers of predator insects at reasonable cost, the next step is to design and operate a pilot plant to produce green lacewing larvae, and to develop an economic system of distributing them to the cotton fields.

Blacks Recycle Paper

CHICAGO.

A BLACK-OWNED and -operated company has been set up here to recycle waste paper and, in the process, build black economic power in one of Chicago's large ghetto communities. Called the West Side Community Paper Stock Corporation, the company was launched with a bank loan guaranteed by the Container Corporation of America, the

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country's largest recycler of waste paper, which also trained all the new company's employees.

The community paper company collects old newspapers from huge steel collection boxes strategically located around the city and its suburbs and delivers them to the company's plant. There a large baling machine turns out forty to sixty bales of paper weighing up to a ton apiece, every eight hours. Container Corporation buys the baled paper and transports it to its own mills for de-inking and manufacture into paperboard for boxes. Each ton of newsprint thus recycled is said to save seventeen trees.

Muffling Noisy Drivers

PARIS.

THE MUNICIPAL government of this city has mounted an anti-noise campaign. The local police have been instructed to concentrate on sports car drivers and motorcyclists who gun their motors late at night roaring down city streets, and on those whose vehicles have faulty mufflers.

Strict noise-control legislation for all of France is foreseen as part of the country's general "program of public action" to improve the environment.

The French are aware that noise can cause inefficiency at work and damage health in addition to destroying sleep.

U.N. Agency to Sample World Air

GENEVA.

THE World Meteorological Organization, a specialized agency of the United Nations with headquarters here, is sponsoring a plan to establish air-pollution measuring stations in the remaining few isolated clean parts of the Earth to provide a standard for determining how serious air pollution is elsewhere.

The present plan calls for the construction of five or ten "baseline" stations, starting with one at Point Barrow on the northernmost coast of Alaska, one on a yet-to-be-selected mid-Pacific island, and sites in northern Sweden and the Antarctic.

The baseline stations are expected to provide data on the concentration of carbon monoxide, the chemical composition of precipitation, and perhaps to furnish the answer to a question that puzzles meteorologists—why the average air temperature of Earth has dropped 0.5 of a degree Centigrade since 1940.

New station sites will be chosen after further study, but the problem is complicated by a decision that they can only be placed where there is an assurance that no change in land use within a radius of sixty-two miles will be made during the next fifty years. No place within the continental United States would qualify for a station.

Getting Oil off the Water

HOOK OF HOLLAND, THE NETHERLANDS.

THE Shell Oil Company has devised a new way of disposing of large oil spills at sea called the "sand-sink" method. In this process, sand treated with a chemical that causes oil to adhere to individual grains is mixed with water and sprayed over the slick. The oil tends to stick to the sand and sinks to the bottom of the sea where it remains. The chemical agent used to coat the sand is an ammonia derivative applied in such small quantities that it is said to be harmless to marine life.

Shell recently tested the sand-sink method in the North Sea off Hook of Holland in cooperation with the Netherlands Ministry of Traffic and Public Works. The trial used a 298-foot dredge equipped with two 60-foot booms amidships. Twenty nozzles were attached to each boom through which a slurry of treated sand and water was sprayed on an oil spill. During the experiment, 100 tons of Kuwait crude oil were cleared from the surface of the sea in less than forty-five minutes. The experiment was declared more than 95 per cent successful.

Power Plan Knocked Out

STOCKHOLM.

A FIFTEEN-year-long battle between conservationists and power production enthusiasts over the fate of the river Vindelälven in northern Sweden has ended with a victory for the conservationists. The Swedish government has announced that no hydroelectric or other installations will be permitted on any part of the river.

The original plan for the exploitation of the Vindelälven called for the construction of twelve power plants and four large storage dams. Over the years the plan was scaled down, but it remained controversial. Those who favored exploitation pointed out that new sources of electric power production were needed and that the project would bring jobs and money into an area of underemployment and population drain.

Those opposing the plan claimed that the dams would destroy the summer grazing grounds of reindeer, that the river was valuable for ecological research because it flowed through a region where the flora and fauna of both north and south meet, and that hydroelectric installations would pollute the otherwise clean water. The conservationists got support from the International Biological Program, which recommended that Vindelälven be reserved for scientific study.

When it announced its decision on Vindelälven, the government also proposed an alternative plan to meet national needs for electric power production that involves two rivers farther north. This plan includes road building and tunneling in one of the largest untouched areas of Sweden where wolves, bears, and several species of rare birds breed. Predictably, a new controversy is shaping up.

Tiny Isle Hopes to Restore Soil

NAURU.

THE INDEPENDENT republic of Nauru, an eight-square-mile dot in the central Pacific 1,300 miles northeast of Australia, is casting about for ways to rehabilitate its ravaged land. Centuries of bird droppings have given Nauru large deposits of rich phosphate used in making fertilizer, but years of round-the-clock, open-cut mining have turned the small nation into a desert.

An American soil scientist from the U.S. Department of Agriculture, Dr. Dranell M. Whitt, visited the island at the invitation of Nauruan officials and suggested that worked-out land might be reclaimed by importing topsoil and cultivating such soil-creating plants as soybeans.

Phosphate is the island's only natural resource and only export. The deposits are expected to be exhausted in about twenty-five years, and what will happen to the Nauruans then remains uncertain. The 3,300 native islanders, however, do not appear to be worried. With annual per capita incomes of about $6,000—the highest in the world—and no taxes, they seem willing to let the future take care of itself.

—SALLY LINDSAY.

To SR Readers

SR welcomes Earth Watch items from readers and will make token payment on publication to the first contributor of each item published. Contributions should describe *positive* action being taken in the United States or abroad to improve the quality of the environment. The contributor's name and address and the date of submission should be on all items. When the material comes from a published source, the name and date of publication should be given. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned. They should be addressed to: Earth Watch Editor, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

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Dark Side

Continued from page 9

tion. J. George Harrar, president of the Rockefeller Foundation, recently told a Congressional subcommittee that "our resources are not limitless, and when those that are nonrenewable are consumed or transformed, they can never be replenished. . . . More attention should be devoted to services and to those areas of life that enrich the quality of human existence: cultural activities, the arts, literature, intellectual and scientific pursuits, esthetic improvements, and human relationships." One must assume from the use of the word "should" that Mr. Harrar favors systematic economic planning—socialism by whatever name—to produce such services, control destruction of the environment, and ensure equitable distribution of material production to the poor, the hungry, and to those who enjoy neither the amenities nor the goods which are said to impair them. (The argument that socialist countries have their own environmental problems proves little, since economic planning has, historically, always been employed to maximize production and resource exploitation--including human resources—and not to restrict them. There is no reason why planning can't be directed to other ends.)

So far, however, there has been little talk about such planning, except in the area of population, which happens to be the sector most likely to affect individual freedom and personal choice. The population argument by itself, however stated, always seems to express more contempt for breeding and for bodies than concern about the vulgar affluence of the rich and the despair of the poor. At the moment when we have a plan for the equitable distribution of resources, arguments for population control may sound more democratic and persuasive.

Which brings us back to the basic premises of American life and "affluence." We are out of free land, air, water, and soil. Growth without control —perhaps any growth—is no longer automatically consistent with the "quality of life." GNP does not measure human welfare, and booms in population, industrial expansion, real estate prices —perhaps even in certain areas of education and technical competence—have ceased to be blessings. A half-century ago Frederick Jackson Turner speculated that education and science might replace the frontier as the open territories of American aspiration and development, but even those "frontiers" are now developing technological limitations. What are we going to do with all those aeronautical engineers, the draftsmen, the technicians if we don't build an SST or maintain a growing space program? Do we train technicians to exploit resources or to conserve them? Are we an overdeveloped society, not only in natural resources but in human resources as well? Have we taught people so much about work and its value that we have forgotten how to do anything but produce?

This country—we thought—escaped the rigid divisions of class and wealth that plagued other nations because we were all incipient liberal capitalists mining unlimited resources. There was enough for everybody. But just as the once invisible under classes tried to get theirs, those who already had it announced that the environment was being destroyed. If we are to resist that destruction, we will be confronted with novel and difficult political choices of economic distribution: It is not that, lacking environmental problems, the poor might eventually have shared in our "affluence," and that our "affluence" ran out at an unfortunate moment. That was probably inevitable; the affluence of the majority created its own disamenities. But now, having discovered the limits of our resources, we are at a point where we must admit that the things we possess must be distributed in a different way, that new promises, new economic and social indicators, and a new ethic must replace those that we are forced to surrender.

The battle to save the environment is just beginning; but until the nation decides which sectors of the environment will get priority, and who will pay the price, ecology is nothing but rhetoric. If we do restrict or eliminate growth, whose goods will be curtailed, and how will we provide for those who have nothing now? There are possible "capitalist" answers to such questions, but they are not likely to prove adequate. We have already established the principle that ownership of a piece of land does not give the proprietor unlimited use: Zoning laws, building codes, air pollution regulations, and other restrictions limit his freedom. If we regulate waste disposal, then should we not also curtail resource depletion by charging for the extraction of every ton of coal and ore, for every barrel of oil, every gallon of water, and for every

measurable depreciation in the growing quality of soil? Should we impose tax penalties on families rather than offer them benefits and deductions? The difficulty with most of these solutions is that, in raising the price of goods, they would affect the indigent much more severely than the rich. They will do little to provide alternatives, either in the quality of life or in personal motivation, to the pressure for more private goods and services.

The most likely course of action, therefore, is to reduce the incentive to amass private wealth and to provide adequate social services—medical care, housing, public transportation, recreation—for all, to reduce the private sector and enlarge the public. For years there have been arguments that higher taxes for the wealthy will reduce incentive, but that is now precisely the point. The tax structure is not only inequitable, but it encourages exploitation, not only of resources but of people. We have to reduce that incentive, to control the private sector and to enlarge the public. Galbraith proposed that years ago, and so have others, but the environmental issue gives his argument new urgency. Historically, America rejected general economic planning and broad social welfare systems because there was always the promise of enough for all without them. Now, ironically, we are likely to get socialism, not because, as everywhere else, we couldn't produce enough, but because we may be producing too much—and, by so doing, destroying everything we have.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 31: wroth, worth, throw.

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Pollution and Disease

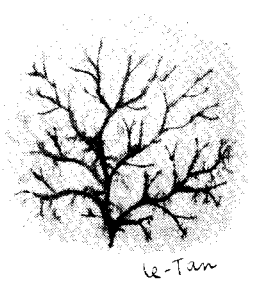
Continued from page 40

tal retardation or high blood pressure in this country? Again, pure speculation, but there has been little investigation of this also. And what of nitrates and nitrites found in meats and baby foods? Because of heavy fertilization in rural areas there are wells in northern Illinois, Wisconsin, California, and undoubtedly other states as well, which have nitrite levels sufficient to cause kidney damage and methemoglobinemia, an abnormality of the blood, particularly in children under the age of ten. Again, little is known about long-term, low-level effects, and we might speculate regarding the relationship to so-called essential hypertension. The water like the air also contains known cancer-producing materials. Arsenic, recently found to be present in the water in some areas of the country, is known to cause cancer in addition to brain and central nervous system damage. Rain has washed millions of tons of radioactive sands into the streams of the Colorado River system, which provides drinking water for many areas in the Southwest. This radioactive refuse of uranium mining contains radium 226, which has a half-life of more than 1,600 years and is a known cancer producer. Radioactive tritium is already present and is expected to increase in the water of lakes and rivers that are used by nuclear energy production plants for cooling. One estimate suggests that tritium equivalent to 15,000 pounds of radium will be present in Lake Michigan within the next fifteen years as a result of this activity. While Michigan is a large lake, the turnover time is slow so that much of this radioactive material will lie close to the shore in the same area where drinking water is obtained. Tritium like hydrogen enters into basic cellular processes, including the mechanisms of those cells involved in reproduction. While the effects of these substances in high doses are known, one can again only speculate about the effects of long-term, low-level exposure on persons ingesting the substances over a lifetime.

The state of our knowledge regarding the effects of pollutants on health is relatively primitive. Those documented here represent only a small fraction of pollutants present in the air and water. The study of health effects of pollutants is difficult and complex. Genetic constitution, occupational exposure, and the multiplicity of toxic products in the environment all increase the problem. Sharp conclusions are, therefore, difficult to draw and have little resemblance to the simple cause and effect of infectious disease. However, Americans are not living as long as they might. Medical facilities in this country are severely overburdened. With an acute shortage of physicians, nurses, and other health personnel and overcrowded hospitals, medical care in many areas is inadequate. Once the diseases that are killing Americans today appear, little and frequently nothing can be done to effect a cure or reverse the process, and the outlook is poor for many heart attack victims, for those with lung cancer, and for sufferers of emphysema and bronchitis. Primary prevention before the disease occurs is a necessary immediate goal.

We must begin to develop disease data banks to note changes in the patterns of disease and death in different areas and populations in this country, and to look for causes. There must be institutes for environmental studies to analyze and define present problems, predict future ones, and then deal with solutions and alternatives. These institutes must also train individuals in this new multidisciplinary science and develop environmental physicians, biologists, ecologists, chemists, urban planners, economists, and the like. Funds must be made available to develop sophisticated and inexpensive measuring devices to enable us to monitor more than just sulphur dioxide in the air and bacterial contamination in the water. New industrial processes must be evaluated, and our society, already glutted with consumables, must subject the production of new products to cost-benefit analysis, that is, weigh the benefit to society versus the cost in health.

We must begin to do something, for it is already clear that the effects of air and water pollution may be serious and even fatal. A "shoot now, we'll see what we hit later" outlook is indefensible. To await complete verification of the relationship between pollution and disease is certainly not justified. The evidence is sufficiently incriminating to state that a relationship does exist, and that pollution is a significant contributory cause of the major diseases now preventing the increased longevity of Americans. Prudence dictates that measures must be taken at this time to decrease these hazards to urban man.



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WHAT HAS EDF DONE?

Persistent pesticides: EDF's vigorous attack on DDT since 1967 has alerted the world to the disastrous effects of DDT contamination of the biosphere, and has helped curb DDT in several states. EDF's litigation now demands immediate action on persistent pesticides from two federal agencies.

Air pollution: In 1968 EDF filed suit against a major air polluter in Montana to establish the right of citizens to a wholesome environment.

Wild areas: In 1969 EDF sued the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers to stop the pointless construction of the Cross-Florida Barge Canal through the unspoiled Oklawaha River.

Lead poisoning: A recent EDF petition to HEW seeks swift reduction of lead pollution from auto exhausts.

EDF'S PLANS FOR THE FUTURE

EDF is considering litigation (1) against the environmental threat of the SST, (2) to protect unspoiled wetlands and estuaries, and (3) to defend endangered species.

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"Decline of the New"

Continued from page 31

may seem a bit too respectful for the unconverted. Certain postwar writers he dismisses in cursory and, I think, irresponsible paragraphs. I can't see many people being won over to Céline or Martin du Gard by his casual introductions, and he never does adequate justice (for my taste) to Yeats, Fitzgerald, Faulkner, or Brecht. Perhaps their politics were wrong.

But my quarrel is not basically with this or that judgment, nor even with what strikes me as a dangerous tendency to slight the nature of the work of art and of artistic creation. My quarrel—let me, rather, say discomfort—is with the bitter and defensive tone Mr. Howe often adopts to make his point.

Essay after essay begins with a sour acknowledgment that its subject is no longer properly respected. There is a mean and gratuitous slap, in the Richard Wright essay, at people who don't share Mr. Howe's taste for protest novels. There are many references, overt or covert, to "my generation." "We" loved Orwell and *The Waste Land*. "We" were made by (and fought for) the modernist masters. "We" stood up for liberal democracy against both Stalinism and McCarthyism. "We" treasured complexity, culture, and close reading of texts. We've been through hell, damn it, and we're not going to sit by and allow "recent New Left ideologues to present the Forties and Fifties as if they were no more than a time of intellectual sterility and reaction."

Irving Howe is angry. He is angry because he was made by and has dedicated his life to Joyce and Orwell and *Partisan Review* and *Dissent*, and he hates to see young *New York Review* punks making fun of them now. He is angry because "whatever the duration or extent of the influence enjoyed by the New York intellectuals, it is now reaching an end. . . . [It is] a tradition in process of being lost, a generation facing assault and ridicule from ambitious younger men." *Decline of the New* is not only an impassioned, personal defense of a time, a milieu, and a tradition; it is also an attack on a newer time, milieu, and tradition that seem to threaten them.

This is why I find the real heart, the pulsing center of this book in Mr. Howe's passionate outburst against the "new sensibility" of the Sixties which concludes "The New York Intellectuals." Hints of what is here directly expressed may be detected elsewhere, but only in these pages is his indignation so explicit:

> The new sensibility is impatient with ideas. It is impatient with literary structures of complexity and coherence, only yesterday the catchwords of our criticism. It wants instead works of literature—though literature may be the wrong word—that will be as absolute as the sun, as unarguable as orgasm, and as delicious as a lollipop. It schemes to throw off the weight of nuance and ambiguity, legacies of high consciousness and tired blood. It is weary of the habit of reflection, the making of distinctions, the squareness of dialectic, the tarnished gold of inherited wisdom. It cares nothing for the haunted memories of old Jews. It has no taste for the ethical nail-biting of those writers of the Left who suffered defeat and could never again accept the narcotic of certainty. It is sick of those magnifications of irony that Mann gave us, sick of those visions of entrapment to which Kafka led us, sick of those shufflings of daily horror and grace that Joyce left us. It breathes contempt for rationality, impatience with mind, and a hostility to the artifices and decorums of high culture. It despises liberal values, liberal cautions, liberal virtues. It is bored with the past: for the past is a fink.

Why should I quarrel with or be made uncomfortable by Mr. Howe's bitterness and anger? Surely many manifestations of New Left politics, of black militancy, of the American youth culture do have the earmarks of barbarism, and do appear to threaten, or at least to oppose, a political and cultural tradition I am as much a product of as he is. But I ask: is his really the best, the wisest, the most useful response that a critic of the older dispensation can make to the "new sensibility," to the cultural revolution that appears to be in progress?

He ignores movies. He dismisses with sneers the new theater and popular culture. Marcuse, McLuhan, Norman O. Brown merit no more than clever insults. He blames Norman Mailer for much of the prestige of the new barbarism, then blames his own liberal colleagues for not taking the threat Mailer represents more seriously; yet he himself never risks a confrontation of

more than two paragraphs. To Susan Sontag he is especially nasty—she is one of Us who has sold out to Them—but never has time for more than a passing barb. The best that he can say for the whole new scene ("a period of overwhelming cultural sleaziness," so lamentably below our generation "in seriousness and accomplishment") is that it combines with its anticultural horrors a certain decorative charm and "a desire for goodness of heart."

I put it that the new cultural wave that has come to the attention of Western intellectuals in the last four years is not something to be dismissed with contempt. Nor is the case against it sufficiently made by writing of the "modernism" of the Twenties as if it were the great, burning current crisis, or by tired and prickly defenses of a handful of older authors. This is not to belittle the strong and persuasive things that are here; only to insist that what I see as the central argument of this collection—the assertion of the continuing validity of humanist, democratic, liberal, and intellectual values against new cultural assumptions that seem inimical to them—must be made either by presenting one's own tradition more forcibly, coherently, and persuasively than Mr. Howe has done here, or by confronting the enemy—in so far as it *is* the enemy—with the far greater seriousness and attention he deserves.

David Littlejohn is on the faculty of the University of California at Berkeley.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1403

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1403 will be found in the next issue.

L MR DRC KLDM SHLDY, NPC

L TGCF LDGVVPQGVH.

—JGKPFS NPCSFQ

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1402

Often it is just lack of imagination that keeps a man from suffering very much.—MARCEL PROUST.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Jung, 14; Shaw, 7; Brooke, 16; Anderson, 11; Wilder, 13; Russell, 12; Greene, 15; Mann, 17; Lord, 2; Hale, 5; Hardy, 9; Webb, 3; Shute, 4; Butler, 1; Sherriff, 8; Harte, 6; Synge, 10. (Some of the words are interchangeable.)

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Trumpet Fanfare

Continued from page 19

body loves his warm personality. But showmanship is important, and it's sorely missed in the business today. Some of our players are too "cute" to realize that when you're on the bandstand, you are, in a sense, a public servant. You are there to entertain the people who have paid their bread. When you get so slick that you can turn your back to the audience, then the whole business is in trouble. You shouldn't be considered a Remus or a Tom for exhibiting your wares.

BRADLEY: Clark, you mentioned "Uncle Tom." For as long as I can remember, all kinds of people have leveled that charge at Pops.

NANCE: On the cross!

TERRY: I'd like to see how some of those same people would have come through the changes he did in order to emerge as the great man he is. I'd like to see where they would be. They'd probably still be picking cotton!

BUTTERFIELD: He's done a lot of good, I'll tell you that. He helps a lot of people and keeps quiet about it.

NANCE: That's true. I was standing on a street corner back in Chicago one night, and all of a sudden somebody waves to me from a cab. I went over, and it was Pops. (I used to run errands for the guys in his band.) "Hey, kid," he said, "come and take a ride with me." Man, I could hardly believe it, riding with Louis Armstrong in a cab! We went downtown to Western Union, where he sent off some money to somebody in New York who was uptight. Then he took me by his house, and we played records. He had some molasses and bread people had sent him from New Orleans, and we sat back in his kitchen and had a ball. I never will forget it.

BRADLEY: How about what Louis is doing today?

TERRY: Right now he's doing something that he probably decided he wants to do—television appearances. He's been beautiful on all the shows I've ever seen him on. If he decides he wants to play some Las Vegas club or the Copa, he'll do that. He's still one of the biggest attractions around.

BRADLEY: Louis always stayed away from business as much as possible, even when it came to hiring musicians for his various bands. He just wanted to concentrate on one thing—his horn.

BUTTERFIELD: That's why he's still around!

Travel

Continued from page 35

bookstore displayed in its windows such best-selling German translations as *Portnoys Beschwerden* and Vonnegut's *Schlachthof 5.*

Nearby on the Kornmarkt, once the scene of local grain transactions, stands the redoubtable Germanic National Museum. A receptacle of almost Smithsonian proportions, the museum is being expanded in all directions and should be completed in time for the 1971 Dürer events. There are some Dürers, Cranachs, and Holbeins, but more widely touted are the first geographical globe made by Behaim just before the discovery of America; the first pocket watch, by Peter Henlein in 1430; and the original score of Wagner's *The Mastersingers of Nuremberg.*

At lunchtime I joined Schatz and a young Nuremberg graphic designer, Herbert Traue, at the Bratwürsthausle. This timbered dispenser of the tiny Nuremberg sausage, *Bratwürstel*, was moved to the city ten years ago log by log from its previous life as a royal hunting lodge. On a brisk day it cooks 10,000 *Bratwürstel* over a charcoal fire in the middle of the room, serving them up on little tin trays a dozen at a time. Schatz and Traue ordered half portions for themselves but insisted I try an even dozen, with a plate of sauerkraut. "You'll have a liter of beer?" Schatz asked. I didn't dare refuse.

Traue was aghast to learn I had wasted an evening at the Edelweiss. "That's not Nuremberg," he said. "We even have a little underground here. You'd be surprised how turned on the kids in Germany are."

After lunch, the three of us strolled through the old city, stopping at Spielwarenhaus Virnich, a well-stocked toy store. Nuremberg makes 40 per cent of Germany's toys and hosts an International Toy Fair each year. On a cruise through this child's dreamland, I was particularly charmed by the stuffed animals with a button trademark behind one ear bearing the label Steiff. We all fell for an eight-foot giraffe.

Even there, deep in toyland, one couldn't escape the Nuremberg curse. On a counter was displayed a model German Panzer, daubed with two swastikas. The salesgirl told us an old German man had assembled the tank from a kit and added the decoration himself. Schatz and Traue seemed embarrassed. "That's not so good for foreigners to see," Traue said. He asked the girl why she kept the tank on the counter, and she shrugged.

"She doesn't know what it means," he said. "She is too young."

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(Continued from page 51)

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F. Westernmost of the Elizabeth Islands	82 127 133 161 2 6 11 34 135
G. Haggling (comp., Scot.)	139 172 35 60 75 79 85 124 142 153 163
H. Boiled	28 38 44 48 74 81 96
I. Shah of Persia, 1909-25, last of the Kajar dynasty	177 20 120 150 12
J. Vigor of body or spirit	22 41 68 71 168 92 102 104 149
K. Consistency, body	36 64 69 77 97 143 157 176 7
L. Gown opening at the back for hospital bed patients	80 109 110 140 165 52
M. Chilean Revolutionist and dictator (1776-1842)	72 98 179 58 63 13 50 84

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. British explorer (1863-1942), author of "Everest: The Challenge"	107 123 175 59 158 119 78 91 126 61 101 15
O. Small, rectangular paving stone	27 67 73 118
P. Riding a bicycle, perhaps	65 162 37 88 111 130
Q. Excess, overabundance	181 21 148 33 152 40 121
R. Thick, numskulled (comp.)	31 24 3 19 57 178 103 115 42
S. Entreat; litigate	131 171 14
T. Beyond; extremely unlikely or remote	17 70 83 39 95 174 23
U. Herring appetizer	55 132 89 106 1 4 155
V. Glory, fame	76 93 169 18 25 62
W. Fossil, fuddy-duddy (2 wds.)	180 90 45 53 47 66 141
X. A founder of the Plymouth Colony who came on the Mayflower (1595-1655)	122 43 105 100 112 49 116
Y. "Gave thee clothing of delight,/———— clothing, woolly, bright." (Blake, "The Lamb")	86 134 145 108 164 167 29

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

						1 U	2 F		3 R	4 U	5 C	6 F	7 K	8 E		9 A				
10 C	11 F	12 I	13 M	14 S	15 N		16 E	17 T	18 V		19 R	20 I	21 Q	22 J	23 T					
24 R		25 V	26 B	27 O		28 H	29 Y	30 E	31 R	32 C	33 Q	34 F	35 G		36 K	37 P				
38 H		39 T	40 Q	41 J	42 R	43 X	44 H	45 W		46 E	47 W	48 H		49 X	50 M	51 D				
52 L		53 W	54 D	55 U	56 E	57 R	58 M	59 N		60 G	61 N	62 V	63 M	64 K	65 P	66 W				
67 O	68 J		69 K	70 T	71 J		72 M	73 O	74 H	75 G	76 V		77 K	78 N	79 G	80 L				
81 H	82 F	83 T	84 M		85 G	86 Y		87 D	88 P	89 U	90 W		91 N	92 J	93 V					
94 D	95 T	96 H		97 K	98 M	99 D	100 X		101 N	102 J	103 R		104 J	105 X	106 U	107 N				
	108 Y	109 L		110 L	111 P	112 X	113 A		114 B	115 R		116 X	117 A	118 O	119 N					
120 I	121 Q		122 X	123 N	124 G	125 B		126 N	127 F	128 A		129 B	130 P	131 S	132 U					
133 F	134 Y		135 F	136 A	137 B	138 E		139 G	140 L	141 W		142 G	143 K	144 E		145 Y				
146 B	147 A	148 Q		149 J	150 I	151 D	152 Q	153 G	154 E	155 U	156 B	157 K	158 N		159 C	160 D				
161 F	162 P	163 G	164 Y	165 L		166 A	167 Y		168 J	169 V		170 E	171 S	172 G		173 C				
174 T	175 N	176 K	177 I	178 R	179 M	180 W	181 Q													

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 4 of this issue.

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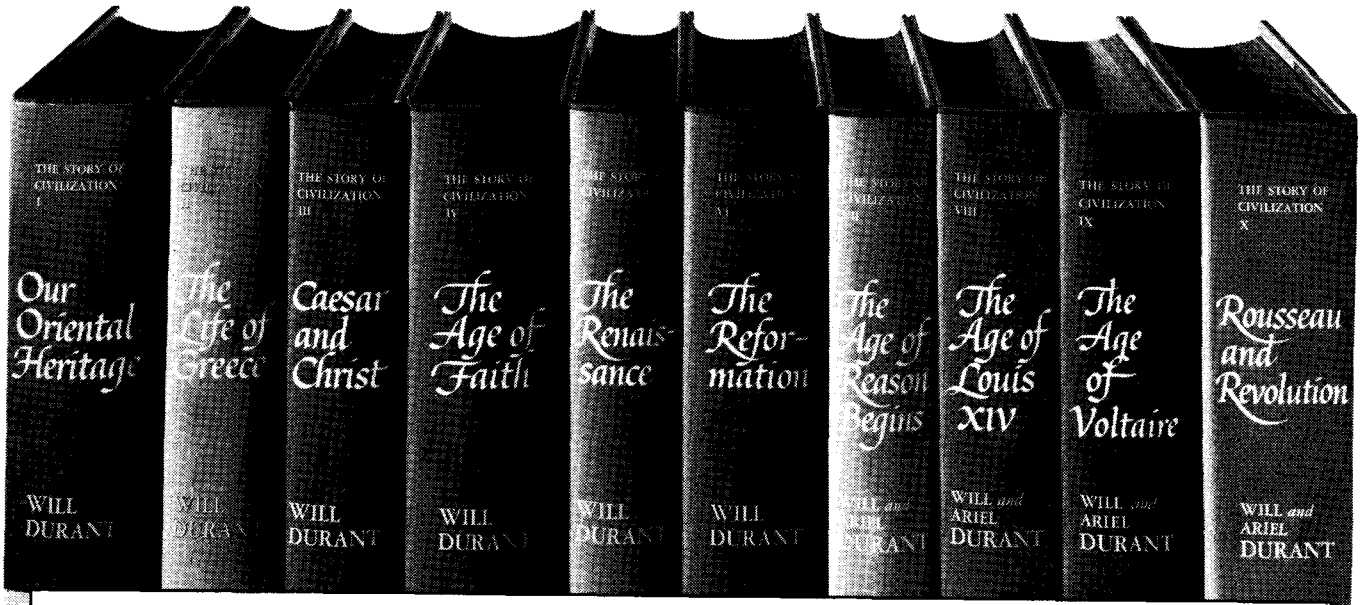

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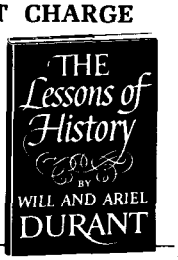

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